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Louis Fischer, John Gunther, and David J. Dallin, authors of three books on the Soviet satellites. *(See page 9)*

T. S. Eliot and the Moral Issue

By GEORGE KATLIN

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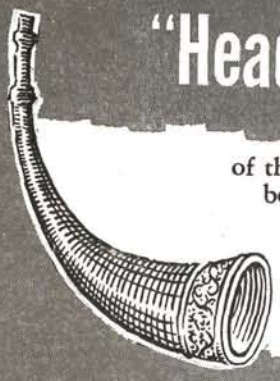

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TRADE Winds

CORN BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

TWICE A YEAR TRADE WINDS is devoted to an assortment of pleasantries, new or revived, that are making the rounds at the moment. The first paragraph in this installment goes to a few I picked up on my recent visit to the Ozarks. . . . An arthritic mountaineer came into a small and totally unexpected inheritance and decided to buy a second-hand jalopy to ease the burden of his declining years. The cheapest he could find in all Missouri was $135 but the dealer reminded him, "You get five good tires thrown in free; they haven't gone more'n 30,000 miles." "Forget the tires," said the mountaineer, "I don't want any on my car. When I'm riding I want to know it." . . . The same character had his own system for telling the hour. A neighbor drove past the shack and called out, "Know what time it is, Jonathan?" The mountaineer studied the shadow on his porch, shifted the terbaccy in his cheek, and answered, "'Bout four and one-half planks till supper time." . . . An Eastern visitor was brought to admire the paintings of Verbena Abernathy, the Grandma Moses of the Ozarks. "What an original talent!" gushed the Eastern lady. "How I wish I could take those glorious colors home with me." "You're going to get your wish," cackled Verbena happily. "You're sitting on my palette."

TWO SALLIES MADE THEIR Groucho Marx in Hollywood. "The first time I saw my wife," he told one group, "I was on the screen. Then she opened the window and let me in." A dinner guest at his home complained, "These sausages taste like meat at one end, but bread crumbs at the other." "Correct," said Groucho. "It's an expedient. In times like these, nobody can make both ends meat." . . . Morey Amsterdam, noted student of symphonic music, says Beethoven wasn't responsible for his third, fourth, and fifth; it was Mrs. Beethoven. . . . Two gentlemen were introduced in the lobby of a Chicago hotel. "Excuse my not getting up," said one. "I'm suffering from arthritis." "Perfectly all right," beamed the other. "I'm Goldfarb from Grand Rapids." . . . I always have liked William Lyon Phelps's definition of a gentleman: "A person who is nice to those who can be of no possible service to him." . . . When Alexander Meiklejohn was president of Amherst he made a speech in Kansas City enlarging upon the blessings of university training. He was not too pleased with the headline in a local paper the following morning. It read, "Meiklejohn Shows Need of College Education." . . . Joe Frisco, the stuttering comic, took an ailing friend to the hospital for a minor operation. He peered into the operating room just as the doctor placed a white cone over the girl's face. "For P-p-pete's sake," gasped Frisco, "w-w-what are you doing?" "Just giving her an anesthetic," soothed the doctor. "After she has this she won't know a thing." "You're w-w-wasting your time, doc," Frisco assured him. "That g-g-girl doesn't need it." . . .

A COUPLE OF TRAMPS BESEECHED an Indiana farmer for a hand-out. "Fill that shed with kindling wood," proposed the farmer, "and you'll get the best meal you've et in weeks." The tramps were hungry—and there wasn't another house in sight, so they reluctantly accepted the farmer's offer. Fifteen minutes later he went out to the shed to see how they were progressing. He found one tramp leaning on the axe-handle, watching with deep interest while the other tramp executed a series of amazing ballet steps, flip-flops, and somersaults. "Cricky," said the farmer to the tramp on the sidelines, "I didn't know your friend was an acrobat." "Neither did I," admitted the tramp, "'till I cracked him on the shin with this axe." . . . On another farm, one Easter morning, a prankish youngster filled a chicken coop with eggs dyed every color of the rainbow. The rooster took one look at the dazzling display, ran straight out of the barn, and killed the peacock. . . . A new man on a building job pulled a long package out of his lunch pail and began to unwrap it. "What's that?" asked the foreman. "A pie," said the worker. "I baked it myself." "It's awfully long for a pie," observed the foreman. "Naturally," said the worker. "It's rhubarb." . . .

A VISITOR TO THE STUDIO OF Picasso found the great painter staring dejectedly at his latest creation, and muttering, "It's a failure." "How can you say such a thing?" protested the visitor. "I think it's one of your masterpieces." "No," said Picasso, "the nose is wrong. It throws the whole picture out of perspective." "Well then, why don't you fix the nose?" asked the visitor. "That's not possible," said Picasso. "I can't find it!" . . . Ajax, the strong man of the circus, once appeared as guest of honor on Milton Berle's radio program. In rehearsal, he read his lines perfectly, but when the show actually went on the air, he froze completely at the microphone, and couldn't utter a syllable. Berle fed him a line twice, and when no answer was forthcoming, saved the situation by exclaiming, "How do you like that! The strongest man in the world—and he can't even pick up a cue!" . . .

PUBLISHER FRANK SHEED writes a story about Arnold Lunn, England's arch-enemy of Communism, and such a persuasive orator that it has become increasingly difficult to find opponents brash enough to stand up to him. Lunn finally was reduced to descending upon an open meeting of the Communists, posing as a member, and demanding loudly, "Why is everybody running away from that man Lunn? It gives Marxism a black eye. I demand that something be done about it!" The chairman assured him, "The matter is in hand. Something will be done about it im-

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mediately." "High time," yelled the intruder, as he made for the exit, "because I'm Lunn, and I need some opponents!" . . .

PERISH THE THOUGHT OF A column like this without a couple of bright remarks by the kiddies. There's the pupil, for instance, who was asked to discuss Lady Macbeth, and opined that she whispered to her ladies-in-waiting, "Girls, gather round and let me tell you all about my apparition." . . . A youngster at the Bronx Park Zoo was fascinated by the antlers on a herd of deer. When he spotted a doe in the enclosure, however, he yanked his mother's skirt and exclaimed, "Look at that one, mom! No fenders!" . . . Eight-year-old Randolph produced a ten-dollar bill at dinner one evening, and announced, "A man lost it on Park Avenue this afternoon." "How do you know it was a man?" asked the father. Randolph explained, "I saw him looking for it." . . . Mrs. Hunter, looking over the list of guests for her daughter's birthday picnic, was amazed to note that the name of little Emmy, best friend of the celebrant, was conspicuously absent. "We had a fight," explained the daughter, "so I didn't ask her." "That's outrageous," declared Mrs. Hunter. "You go over and invite Emmy this very minute." The daughter did as bidden, but reported cheerfully, "She says it's too late, mommy. She's already prayed for it to rain on the day of the picnic." . . .

A TINPAN ALLEYITE BURST into the inner sanctum of a music publisher and cried, "Boss, I got a new song that'll knock your eye out." The publisher pointed glumly to a patch over his right eye, and answered, "I already heard it!" . . . Tess Crager, the New Orleans bookseller, thinks that a novel by a young author she knows is perfect screen material. Hoping to further a sale of the property, she invited a famous Hollywood producer to be her guest at the Mardi Gras. Sid Skolsky saw the producer's reply: "Even if they had it in the street, I wouldn't go." . . . A new clerk at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio in Beverly Hills was standing in front of the administration building when he saw a driverless Cadillac rolling down the incline to the entrance on Pico Boulevard. He raced across the lawn, jumped into the moving car, and jammed on the emergency brake. At this point, Darryl Zanuck appeared from behind the car. "Gee, Mr. Zanuck," boasted the clerk, "this Cadillac was running down the hill and I stopped it." "Yes, I know," said Mr. Zanuck grimly. "I was pushing it." . . . Abel Green tells about the vaudevillian who boasted to an agent, "My name is Projecto, and I can fly. Just let me show you my act." The blasé agent consented to go with him to an empty theatre nearby. True to his word, the actor promptly took off from the stage, spiraled to the ceiling, circled the auditorium a couple of times, and zoomed down in a perfect glide. The agent yawned and said, "So you can imitate boids. What else can you do?" . . .

NO LESS THAN FOUR correspondents have been kind enough to volunteer the explanation of why a single-storey florist shop is more profitable than a two-storey one: no blooming overhead. (That's the parlor version, anyhow.) I am reminded of the comment by an editor of *Punch* who was told one of his own stories several times. "This," he said, "is a plain case of the tale dogging the wag."

—Bennett Cerf.

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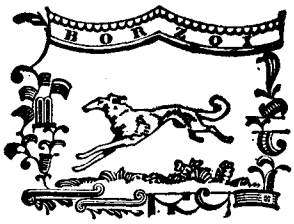

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The Saturday Review of Literature

T. S. Eliot and the Moral Issue

GEORGE CATLIN

IN A RECENT book with a characteristic title, "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture," the American dean of English letters, T. S. Eliot, has sought to go to the heart of our present discontents, and to throw light on the conditions under which culture can flourish and civilization develop. A certain antithesis is seen between culture and democratic equality and it is not the democracy (for which we will conscribe young men to fight and die) which seems, at least when understood in the equalitarian sense, to come off best in the analysis. These issues are literally fighting issues. Maybe it is full time Jeffersonianism was reexamined. And, as the present writer said some years ago, Mr. Eliot "is one of about ten people writing in England today [1934] who are worth reading."

This present book of Mr. Eliot's, we are told, is an attempt to call attention to the deterioration of language by considering the meaning of one particular word which is very frequently used without anybody stopping to examine its meaning. That word is "culture." The complaint is an old one. I do not doubt that it was used by the purists against Dante when he wrote "Concerning the Vulgar Speech" and against Hu Shih when he began the experiment of writing poems in the vernacular. Examination, however, of Mr. Eliot's book shows that he is concerned not so much with linguistic deterioration —such hybrid, pompous words as "television" and "sociology"— as with political deterioration symptomized by an unwillingness to use words exactly when such usage would throw into relief what Mr. Eliot thinks are facts, and unpleasant ones for the optimistic democrat.

> If, for instance, the reader finds it shocking that culture and equalitarianism should conflict, if it seems monstrous to him that anyone should have "advantages of birth"—I do not ask him to change his faith, I merely ask him to stop paying lip-service to culture.

The equalitarian is bowed out as a low fellow. T. S. Eliot, of Boston and *The Criterion*, Nobel Prize winner, and of the Order of Merit, does not see so much merit in Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, or in Mr. Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee.

Shall we distinguish between "culture" and "civilization"? Culture also marches on its belly; and civilization can be understood as being, as it were, the belly or material integument of intellectual and spiritual culture. There is much to be said, if our object is clarification, for this particular distinction, although Mr. Eliot rejects it on the ground that the border lines are not clear. It is quite important that we should know when a man says, "Atomic warfare will end civilization," whether he means that it will end intellectual culture or whether he means it will end the material and economic conditions which highly developed modern life supposes or whether indeed he means anything at all and only wants to make *flatus vocis*, a horrific noise.

It is even more relevant to Eliot's argument about culture and democratic equality to inquire whether we may say that the improvement of the conditions of civilization by, for example, more sanitary facilities or even sumptuous housing conditions for all varies directly with or in reverse to or irrelevantly to the improvement in the culture of an age as judged by its best or most brilliant genius.

Culture and *Kultur* are styles of nurture. This thing that is "nourished," or tended like the fields, is caused to grow, is "led out" by an "e-ducation." Primarily it is the individual who is educated, and the individual who is cultured. I affirm this, as will be seen, against Mr. Eliot. We do not so easily speak of a cultured state or even of a cultured town. But we do speak of a civilized state and a civilized town, and thereby infer something about the institutions and law courts of that state and even the hotels and plumbing of that town.

IT MAY, of course, be said that nothing is more open to furious debate than what we mean by the word "democracy," and that no need is more urgent than that we should decide what we are fighting to the death about before we fight to the death about it. We may take it, however, that here we do not mean "a perverted form of government," as Aristotle called it: to wit, the bare rule of the majority by numbers at any time—although this is pretty near to what the Mensheviks such as Professor Laski meant by it. Still less do we mean that rule of the majority of the politically unconscious guided by the self-chosen oligarchy of those who choose to describe themselves as "the patriots" or "the politically-conscious vanguard," such as the Jacobins and the Bolsheviks. Even the Girondins restricted this majority will (mystically always right) by respect for the natural rights of all men. Bentham, it is interesting to note, when describing what most of us would call a democratic form of government, called it "undespotic" and defined it by the right of resistance—that the government in such a system permitted the organization of criticism of itself. But usually—and this since the days of Plato—we have meant by democracy something more than a fashion of government; and we have meant a way of social life, without caste barriers. In this sense

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men were "born equal" and not, as in India, into a function or caste. And it is presumably this species of democratic equalitarianism that Mr. Eliot has in mind when he says it is incompatible with culture.

Now, let us say again, the question is a very vital one because this may be a fighting issue between West and East, which we say is "not democratic," any more than is Ezra Pound, whom Mr. Eliot recommended for a prize for his skill and ideas. So we had really better be careful just what we are fighting about. It was Herr Hitler, it is well to recall, who was fighting against the Russians but also against democracy. Was he perhaps fighting for Culture or *Kultur* or something of which we do, or by exact definition ought to, approve? The issue here is more than just a matter of cantos composed in some leaning ivory tower.

"Culture," T. S. Eliot says, "may be described simply as that which makes life worth living." What does this mean in American terms? H. J. Laski, in his astringent book "The American Democracy," writes of the United States: "The one constant feature of the social landscape is the virtually universal passion for physical prosperity . . . [The American] could not escape from the conviction that he would better his condition in a material way." It was in this way that "achievement" is to be understood. "For Americans there was salvation, and salvation consisted of freedom, individualism, democracy, success." There was "the American right to shape all creeds in terms of the uniqueness of the American dream." What Santayana called "the genteel tradition" played a minor role. Here there is an almost entire fusion of the notions of civilization and culture; and the American culture consists, according to this analysis, of defense of the creed that in a democracy the amenities of civilization are to be provided for all middling folk and not for a few alone. But, unlike the Social Democrats in crowded Europe, in this rich land this democratic cultural aim is to be achieved by the methods of individualism, enlightened by education and stimulated by competition. This was the American credo and culture, according to H. J. Laski, and it still is. It is a kind of semi-Marxism, a belief in economic conditioning; but not of the kind of which the demi-Marxist of the other color, Professor Laski, at all approves.

Quite clearly for Eliot, although he may not use the terms, no such fusion between culture and civilization is tolerable, any more than it is for the Chinese. The approach here of Eliot is a variant of the traditional humanist one and, in the case of Eliot's stress on the importance of family stability and family tradition as a molding power (one suspects not a little reinforced by private "public" schools), almost Confucian in nature. T. S. Eliot so defines "culture" that it will be incompatible with democratic equalitarianism.

FOR the humanist, culture at its fullest—and there is a qualitative and merely descriptive tone here to the word "culture"—consists, in Wilhelm von Humboldt's phrase, in, for each man, "the fullest development of all his powers into a harmonious whole." Matthew Arnold and John Stuart Mill, here the disciple of Von Humboldt, express this view; but the master of them all is J. W. von Goethe, the bicentenary of whose birth occurs this August. Here the Faustian Renaissance ideal, the ideal of Alberti that "men can do all things if they will," reaches its late but rich culmination.

It would be improper to exaggerate the division between material civilization and qualitative "culture"—as used in the word "cultured" as distinct from the use "an aboriginal culture." The high culture of Athens connects with the material achievements of the tyrant Peisistratus. The shape of the culture of the Italian Renaissance certainly cannot be separated from the resurgence of material well-being and secularism at that time under the Italian tyrants. But broadly it is true that there is no identification of the two concepts, not even any close relation between them, in the mind of Goethe. He saw a soaring cultural development, inventive indeed as any Faustian culture will be, but without in his day much material change or much sympathy with what there was of it. Indeed, in the case of the disciple Thomas Carlyle the attitude is one of denunciation. It may be that Goethe and Carlyle were wrong; but that is quite another matter. Culture and distribution of the fruits of technical achievement were thought to be very different.

Here Eliot and Goethe undoubtedly agree. And they agree on another, but related matter. Culture is not

(*Continued on page* 36)

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAKESPEARE'S ANIMAL COLLECTION

Isabel Williams, of Detroit, invites you to complete the following quotations by filling in the blanks with the name of some member of the animal kingdom, either beast, bird, fish, or insect. Allowing five points for each blank correctly filled, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. Sweet are the uses of adversity;
   Which, like the ....., ugly and venemous,
   Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
2. A ..... among ladies is a most dreadful thing.
3. Why, then the world's mine .....
   Which I with sword will open.
4. O ..... heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide.
5. I had rather be a ..... and bay the moon
   Than such a Roman.
6. The sense of death is most in apprehension;
   And the poor ..... that we tread upon
   In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
   As when a giant dies.
7. Let Hercules himself do what he may.
   The ..... will mew and ..... will have his day.
8. You may as well say that's a valiant ..... that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a .....
9. A ....., towering her pride of place,
   Was by a mousing ..... hawk'd at and killed.
10. A .....! a .....! my kingdom for a .....!
11. I would not have given it for a wilderness of .....
12. The ..... hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are leg for necessity, not for flexure.
13. There's a special providence in the fall of a ..... If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.
14. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking .....
15. The world is grown so bad
    That ..... make prey where ..... dare not perch.

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Soviet Satellites.

If any American had taken a soporific back in the mid-Thirties and awakened, Rip Van Winkle-like, just last week, some recently issued books might have made him feel that his nap had lasted only overnight. Once again tales of police terror, suppression of civil and religious liberties, refugees, espionage, and preparations for war were a publishers' staple. But now, instead of Nazi Germany, it was Communist Russia that was casting its shadow across all Europe. Louis Fischer has collected the life stories of a baker's dozen of Russian refugees in "13 Who Fled," reviewed below. John Gunther, whose objectivity has become a byword, reports what he found in Eastern Europe in "Behind the Curtain." Valuable background material will be found in David Dallin's "The Rise of Russia in Asia."

Sway of Hammer, Sickle & Secret Police

1. Flight

13 *WHO FLED. Edited by Louis Fischer. New York: Harper & Bros.* 244 *pp.* $3.

By Homer W. Bigart

LOUIS FISCHER has gathered the stories of thirteen "average" Russians who, having had a bellyful of Stalinism, chose life in the DP camps of Germany rather than return to Soviet Russia when postwar repatriation began.

There have been so many stories lately from disenchanted Communists that one cannot help fearing that presently the reader will develop a sort of perverse tolerance toward the Red dictatorship. Let Stalin decree some slight easing of the cold war and we will slide back to our old mood of irritation and distrust when confronted by authors whose hatred of the Soviet system shines from every page. We have made such a fetish of "objective reporting" that writers feel compelled to grope for something nice to say of the Soviet system in an attempt at balance. Even today we are reluctant to accept the terrible truth that Sovietism is as ruthless as Nazism in repressing the individual.

Fischer's thirteen tell their own stories and, because they are small fry and a representative cross-section of the Russian people, their indictment is more forceful and believable than the recent sensationalized and too obviously ghosted reports from exiled bureaucrats and generals. They tell quite simply of the terror and tension that became unbearable during the savage purges of the late Thirties, and how the cruelty and inefficiency of the dictatorship was exposed by its conduct of the war.

Anyone who has been east of the curtain can have no doubt that their stories are true enough. But their decision to flee the Soviet was so unfortunately timed as to lay them open to suspicion. They were, in a sense, wartime deserters. Some were captured by the German Army and, while in Nazi prison camps, resolved never to return to Russia until the dictatorship was overthrown. Others voluntarily withdrew with the Nazis in the great retreat. Remembering with gratitude the contribution of those who stayed and fought with the Red Army it is something of a shock to find oneself sympathizing wholeheartedly with the thirteen who fled. But as Mr. Fischer points out, the fact that at least half a million Russians are still in Germany resisting repatriation is demonstrative proof of the basic rottenness of the Soviet regime.

Fischer and his wife, Markoosha, had trouble rounding up thirteen who would talk. The DP's were reluctant to disclose their identities. Many were posing as Poles, Yugoslavs, and Balts, fearing forced repatriation to Russia. Others were afraid that the NKVD would wreak vengeance on their relatives back home. The Fischers enlisted as sub-editor Boris Yakovlev, former vice president of the Soviet Academy of Architecture, and after more difficulties the authors were recruited. They included a teacher, a farmer, a worker, a housewife, a student, an engineer, and a middling-rank bureaucrat. Fischer says his only instructions to them were: "Tell the truth."

Peter Gornev, a Red Army battalion commander captured in front of Moscow, tells of his troubles with the political commissars. His headache began when some snooper discovered that Madame Gornev was not of proletarian stock and had been buying milk from a kulak. Gornev's chief-of-staff was arrested for telling an anti-collectivization joke. Gornev was accused of not putting enough emphasis on political work, and of being a friend of General Uborevich, shot in 1937 as an "enemy of the people." Jailed for a month, he was freed on the intervention of a high military official, but reinstatement took fourteen months. He came off lucky—some 25,000 Red Army officers were arrested in the 1937 purge and few of them got back into the army.

> The war brought me to my senses [Gornev relates]. As a prisoner of war, I had a chance to review my whole life and make a decision. I decided that Soviet citizens give too much and get too little. In Finland, Poland, and Germany I saw that most people were better off than we were. Soviet propaganda had told us just the reverse. The Soviet Government had always lied to us. Now I saw a chance to escape from the lies.

Irina Karsavina, a student, tells of the 1933 famine in Kiev, of the carts that went around the city in early morning to pick up the corpses of those who had died in the night. She describes the purge of university professors and the helpless fear that impelled students to vote "unanimously" for the expulsion of anyone whom the Party representative happened to denounce.

With the fall of Kiev, Irina was taken to Germany as a slave laborer. When Germany surrendered she was ordered to report to the nearest Soviet Repatriation mission. She ignored the summons until a German burgomaster threatened her with arrest. In

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the Soviet zone of Germany Irina found herself treated as a traitor, and although she was okayed by an NKVD filtering commission, resolved never to return to Russia. Her chance to escape came when she was ordered to stay in Germany and study chemical processes unknown in Russia. Assigned to Jena, she went instead to a frontier town where a German guide escorted her across the border into the American zone.

Some of the thirteen were Party sparkplugs in their time, and one of them, Gregory Ugryumov, rose to the exalted rank of personnel director in the All-Union Physical Culture Committee under the Soviet cabinet. In a way his story is the most interesting although he emerges as something of a heel. He had a monthly salary of 1,200 rubles, a car, and the privilege of dining in the cabinet restaurant. He had a moment of doubt when a lady Komsomol worker who turned out to be a friend of Molotov's bawled him out for not salting a boxing manual with the Party line, and he was unhappy over the senseless slaughter on the Finnish front. But otherwise he served the Party with all the enthusiasm of a proleterian Babbitt. Final disillusionment, he says, came when he was forced to take part in the betrayal of two pals.

A soldier, Alexei Gorchakov, tells of the mixed feelings with which the liberated population met the Red Army in its advance from Moscow. They were glad the Germans were gone, but they feared NKVD punishment simply because they had lived under the Germans. Alexei organized a guerilla squad behind the German lines. His unit was completely smashed, but Alexei with one eye gone and shrapnel wounds in his shoulder, lived for twenty days on grass and berries until he encountered another guerrilla unit. His reception was typically unfriendly: "Tell us for what purpose the Gestapo sent you here," commanded the NKVD man.

The knowledge that they were always suspect, that they could never quite win the confidence and trust of the Soviet dictatorship no matter how much loyalty they displayed, was a dominant motive in the flight of the thirteen. Are they happy in DP camps? Probably not, but it is too late to go back. "I am homesick and love my country," wrote Oleg Kutkov, who had fought with Budyenny through most of the civil war. "I live in the hope that the tyranny will fall and that my people will wake from the heavy sleep."

Homer W. Bigart is with the Herald Tribune *Washington bureau.*

2. *Plight*

BEHIND THE CURTAIN. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. 363 pp. $3.

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

AMONG American writers, my friend John Gunther (hereinafter known as JG) is unique. He can turn out more good copy than any other two. (It is hard to keep up with his many publications.) He writes a popular, finished style. He is a first-class reporter with a fine sense of humor and misses nothing from the trivial to the sublime. He has—among a rare handful of American writers on international affairs—enough experience of the world's countries and peoples not to stumble into the pitfalls that regularly trip the ambitious amateur and the untraveled theorist.

All these qualities combine to make his most recent book, "Behind the Curtain," the best work on the Soviet satellite republics of Eastern Europe that has appeared since Hal Lehrman's impressive "Russia's Europe" (1947).

In most ways John Gunther's book is better than Lehrman's. For JG was revisiting an area where he had lived long and worked hard. He thus brought an unequaled table of comparison to his recent observations. "Behind the Curtain" must not be overlooked by American diplomats or legislators or indeed by any citizens who really care to know what has happened to the world.

Last year Mr. and Mrs. Gunther visited the Soviet-controlled countries of Eastern Europe (except Albania, Roumania, and Finland) as well as Italy, Greece, Turkey, Austria, and Germany, which the Soviets are trying to get control of, and France and England, which defy them. "Behind the Curtain" is a magnificent report on that visit.

Of its consistent good writing, here are samples:

> The Greeks, no matter what hardships they go through, have an almost sublime vivacity. Ten thousand of them sit every night in Constitution Square [in Athens], and the noise of the talk, plus the clang of the streetcars, the whine of trucks, the shrieks of taxis, rise up like a kind of surf, hitting you full in the face.

And again:

> What does Istanbul look like? . . . It is still one of the most brutally animated and incandescently beautiful cities in the world. You can still stand on Galata Bridge and see the whole panorama of Turkish history symbolized by the domes and minarets of Santa Sophia and the Sultan Achmed Mosque. The Bosporus still churns and flashes with brilliant blue water into the Black Sea and to drive into the Bazaar, inch by thick inch, is like walking backward through a fulminating parade.

The Gunthers began their trip in Italy and found it to be a dramatic conflict between "those who believe in miracles and those who believe in Marx." They were deeply impressed by the shakiness of everything, perhaps overlooking the item that the strength as well as the weakness of the Italians lies in their never believing in anything too much.

Outstanding among the studies of countries visited is that of Yugoslavia. I know of no other such illuminating account of the feud between Stalin and Tito.

Remarkable too is the deft way John Gunther identifies each of the several regimes—so much alike yet so subtly different. The study of Greece is sad and infinitely vivid.

JG manages to communicate the incredible vitality of the Poles (their paradoxical mixture of Socialism, clericalism, anti-Russianism, and zest for reconstruction). His picture of Vienna, where he spent several years as foreign correspondent, made this reviewer homesick for the Ring, the Prater, those uniquely hospitable cafes, and that unrivaled intensity of musical and theatrical life.

The descriptions of the Red rulers of the European East are particularly impressive. JG loves original people.

A HALF million Soviet citizens who refuse to leave Western Europe and return "home" add up, **Louis Fischer** remarks, to a "very important political phenomenon—one which has not gotten across to the American public." Hence editing "13 Who Fled," a sampling of what he observed abroad last summer, seemed to him important enough to shelve temporarily his exhaustively documented biography of Gandhi, which he hopes to complete in eight months. It will be his fourteenth work. Among others are "Gandhi and Stalin," "A Week with Gandhi," "The Great Challenge," "Men and Politics," and "The War in Spain." As *The Nation*'s Soviet correspondent for many years and onetime resident in USSR, Mr. Fischer knows Russia thoroughly. "There certainly won't be a war," he says. "We're stronger and, except in China, the Communists are weaker than a year ago . . . but it's very difficult to make any headway with them."

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LIKE Mr. Fischer, **John Gunther** declares flatly, "There is no immediate possibility of war with Russia whatever. No serious person thinks there is any likelihood of it at all. They can't fight for the most obvious reasons, and we don't want to." Since finishing "Behind the Curtain" Mr. Gunther has been closeted in New York with the manuscripts for a "historical profile" of Roosevelt ("not a reminiscence and not a revelation"), due in late autumn, and his "Inside Washington," on which he has been laboring intermittently for four years. Offshoots of "Inside U. S. A.," they were set aside while he wrote his unforgettable chronicle of the tragic death of his son, Johnny, "Death Be Not Proud," the entire proceeds of which go to cancer research. It was his first nonpolitical volume since he began covering the globe and thereby became famous with "Inside Europe" and "Inside Asia," for two.

The Balkan rulers are personalities. I find it hard to understand how he can find Yugoslavia's Ales Bebler, the ranter of the United Nations, "attractive." But I was carried along by the vivid sketches and analyses of these relentless Marxist fanatics.

Finally, after brief descriptions of Germany, France, and England, he ends his book with a summary of the international situation. He concludes with the apodictic statement that "if Russia and the United States fight, it will mean that Hitler, even in death, will have won the war."

There are a few factual errors, which might profitably be eliminated in subsequent editions. Thus Turkey is not spending over half its national *income* on national defense but fifty-eight per cent of its national budget, another and much smaller thing.

The Communists were not "the earliest and most effective fighters against the Nazi invaders everywhere." In Yugoslavia, Mikhailovic and his friends fought in April 1941. The Communists turned on the Germans only after Hitler attacked Stalin, some two months later.

Nor is there any doubt that Tito was the military creation of the British and Americans and could not have won without them.

Finally, it is wrong to explain the Balkan hatred of foreign capitalism by asking what Americans would have thought if our country had been developed by foreign entrepreneurs. To a considerable extent it was—and most Americans were delighted.

But these are trifles. "Behind the Curtain" is one of the best pieces of reporting in a decade and the author may well be proud of it.

There is, however, one issue raised by this exciting book which I think concerns every American citizen. About this I should like to engage JG in friendly argument.

At the beginning of this review I compared "Behind the Curtain" to Lehrman's "Russia's Europe." Both authors scrupulously describe what the Russians and their Communist friends have done to Eastern Europe. There is little or no difference in exactitude between them.

There is, however, a decided difference of flavor. One may say that Gunther is "objective" while Lehrman was frankly indignant. Or, better, one may argue that JG—as he specifically says—was out to describe what the new regimes are doing *for* the people while Lehrman laid the accent on what they did *to* the people.

I suspect that the difference lies in the varying values given by the two to civil liberties. To Lehrman economic security and greater material prosperity are not worth much if they are bought by the sacrifice of individual freedom.

JG may think so too. But his words seem to belie him. He writes that "if the Communists were not so able, with such durable roots in the historical process, Communism would be no menace." (When did one last hear talk of the "wave of the future"?) In other words, Soviet Communism is good, or would be good, provided it did things for the people. For no regime that does not can have "durable roots in the historical process." He says so specifically: "The chief trouble with the Communists and the satellites is that it hasn't worked." This is to me dead wrong.

The chief trouble with the Communists is not that they have not made men richer *but that they have made them slaves.* Communist practice is in many respects identical with that Nazi and Fascist practice which Gunther hates. Why not stress this? Why forget Hitler's paid vacations and "strength through joy" or Mussolini's draining of the Pontine Marshes, making the trains run on time, and promotion of popular sport?

JG's broad tolerance of Communist tyrants (provided they do something for the people) is also suggested by his indignation over a statement by Britain's foreign minister, Ernest Bevin. Bevin dubbed the Stalin-Tito fissure "a quarrel between two thugs." To me it is just that. But to Gunther, because that feud may be of great historical significance, to talk of thugs is monstrous. In an American city, of

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"One Cub Who Doesn't Want to Hibernate."

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"War of Words."

—The Baltimore Sun.

"A Claim Staked."

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course, a feud between rival gangsters may also give the honest citizens a break. But, apparently, to JG a thug ceases to be a thug when he strikes "durable roots in the historical process."

I suspect that the author somehow feels that Soviet Communism is "progressive" in spirit despite his flat acknowledgment that the Communists have nowhere made their promises good. And it looks to me as though this feeling has made him over-"objective" toward the horrors that are being perpetuated in its name.

Further evidence? Plenty.

First, his indulgence of Soviet word-stealing. He asks us to "understand" the Soviet use of the word *democracy*—economic not political, compatible with dictatorship, etc. He writes that "in our sense of the term" freedom has ceased to exist in Hungary. In what sense does it still exist? Is it licit for tyrants to call their despotism freedom—and make 'em accept that meaning? To steal and pervert an adversary's vocabulary is merely another form of that basic intellectual dishonesty upon which Soviet Communism is built.

Another example—JG's treatment of land reform. As a close student of East European affairs he must know that except in Italy, Albania, and Hungary, land reform was pretty well carried out before 1939. How then attribute the success of Communists in 1943-45 to lack of it?

He implies that state Socialism and land reform are complementary "social gains." They are, however, opposites, the one collectivizing private property, the other consolidating it. (Actually Communists use land reform purely as a bait to win the favor of dumb peasants until their regimes feel strong enough to collectivize them. And what remains of the "social gain" then?)

Moreover, only a doctrinaire would, it seems to me, be surprised to find that in Turkey the Conservatives are the *strongest* supporters of statism. All fanatical nationalists lean toward state control. It is the only way whereby they can bring everything into the service of their national idol. Both Mussolini and Hitler, whom JG would hardly call leftists (though I would), extended state control in every field. The Turkish nationalists are behaving normally.

John Gunther also opines that all "underprivileged" countries are probably predestined to Communism. Maybe so—provided we can agree on the meaning of that word "underprivileged." Does it simply mean poor? If so, why not say so? I suggest that by calling, say China, "underprivileged" rather than poverty-stricken, JG subtly creates the impression that this condition is the fault of "capitalist exploitation" and that it can be much improved by a little "justice." I challenge him to demonstrate this thesis.

For some mysterious reason, JG "cannot take seriously" the charge that the Soviet armies five miles distant gave no military assistance to the Poles fighting in Warsaw (summer of 1944) because the Russians wanted to see Warsaw destroyed. Well, I believe that the Russians wanted the Germans to destroy, not Warsaw city, but the Polish "reactionaries" fighting within that city. And I *know* that the Russians first encouraged the Poles by radio to revolt (the monitoring can be seen by JG) and when they did, not only did nothing to help them but prevented British and American fliers from helping them.

Misleading because "objective" seem to me JG's two chief political conclusions. One is that we can best "stop Russia" by "making ourselves better." I think it is even more important that we make ourselves and our allies stronger. Otherwise the more prosperous neighboring countries close to Russia become, the more the Russians' mouths will water for them. Has JG forgotten the verses:

> The mountain sheep were sweeter
> But the valley sheep were fatter;
> We therefore found it meeter
> To carry off the latter.

I'll wager that Stalin hasn't.

Finally, I defy JG or anyone else to prove that Soviet imperialism results from Soviet fear of the democracies. No one has yet answered Louis Fischer's compelling argument that when the Soviets were visibly weak and manifestly had reason to fear the West, they spoke softly and attacked nobody. The "scared Russians" cliché has already gulled too many Americans into condoning as brutal and inexcusable a series of aggressions as ever Tamerlane or Hitler led. It is time to bury it or prove it.

Well, here is my answer to the deeper issue that "Behind the Curtain" raises. Perhaps I have misunderstood the book. Or perhaps JG's premises may turn out to be right. To me they are a veiled form of sympathy for an unholy cause.

3. *Might*

THE RISE OF RUSSIA IN ASIA. By David J. Dallin. New Haven: Yale University Press. 293 pp. $5.

By Sidney Harcave

THIS is the seventh book in seven years by the indefatigable David J. Dallin. Chronologically, the subject matter of this latest work, which surveys the period from 1860-1931, predates that of his earlier work, "Soviet Russia and the Far East," which took the story from 1931 to the present. That the author has not followed the usual practice of historians who start their story at the beginning and often never reach the end is not accidental; he writes primarily for his time and of his time, and this excursion into the past is intended to illuminate the present and to provide the facts on which to base contemporary attitudes toward Russia in Asia.

Beginning with 1860, the date which marked the appearance of Russia as a major power in the Far East, Dallin sketches her growth in that area. For more than 150 years after having extended her empire to the Pacific, Russia had given little thought or attention to her Eastern Asiatic possessions. Then, largely through the instrumentality of the forceful Governor-General Muraviev of Eastern Siberia, the Russo-Chinese boundary was pushed south to the Amur, and Russia acquired the Maritime Province with its splendid port, to be

TO Messrs. Fischer and Gunther, **David J. Dallin** retorts, "I cannot find one instance in history where a tension such as that existing today has ended without war. I am sure there will be one —but not immediately." Born in Rogachev, Mr. Dallin was arrested for anti-Czarist activities while a student at the University of St. Petersburg. After two years in prison he escaped to Germany, where he lived until the November Revolution. He sat with the Moscow Soviet as opposition (Menshevik) deputy from 1918-21, when persecution of political deviators sped his departure again to Germany. From then on he lectured and wrote—in Berlin, Warsaw, Paris, Stockholm, London, and Copenhagen. Since 1940, when he came to New York, he has written seven books, the best-known of which are the hotly disputed "Forced Labor in Soviet Russia" (a collaboration), "The Real Soviet Russia," and "Russia and Postwar Europe." —R. G.

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named Vladivostok (Ruler of the East). There a memorial was inscribed with the words of Nicholas I, "Where once the Russian flag has been unfurled, it must never be lowered." And since that time, it never has been permanently lowered in the East. Russian influence was then extended to Northern Manchuria, for a time to Korea, to Port Arthur, Sinkiang, and Outer Mongolia. That expansionism produced hostile combinations of Great Powers and in 1904 led to war with Japan. The creation of the Soviet regime in 1917 resulted in the eclipse of Russian power in the Far East for a generation, but Russian influence in Manchuria, Sinkiang, and Outer Mongolia did not disappear. Moreover, from 1923 to 1927, Russian Communist influence in the Kuomintang was high. In 1927 the Kuomintang broke with its Communist allies, and Russian power in China declined to the point of near extinction. When Japan attacked Manchuria in 1931, the Soviet Government sought, above all, avoidance of involvement in the conflict and it appeared, at the time, that Russian power in the Far East was no longer of any moment.

There is, Dallin believes, pattern and design in the unfolding of Russian policy in Asia. Although he avoids geopolitical terminology except to refer to Russia's "geopolitical program," much of his thinking is reminiscent of that of Mackinder, Haushofer, and Spykman. As Dallin explains it, Central Asia has been a power vacuum, surrounded by Russia, Japan, and India. Expansionist Russia, abhorring a vacuum, pressed into that region, acquiring power and possession chiefly at the expense of stagnant China. Japan, in contrast to China, was a rival rather than a victim of Russia. Russo-Japanese rivalry, however, was overshadowed by the less spectacular but more basic conflict between Russia and Britain, ruler of India and mistress of the sea. To the extent that the United States has assumed naval supremacy, she has inherited Britain's role of No. 1 enemy to Russia.

Dallin implies that Russia since 1860 has sought to control what Mackinder called the Heartland of the world, the area lying between the Himalayas and the Arctic, the Volga and the Yangtze. By 1917, he believes, Russia had nearly fulfilled her "geopolitical program." In that period the only bar to Russian aggrandizement was a superior combination of hostile powers employing as a deterrent either the threat of force or, when threats failed, force itself. He thinks that the lesson

(*Continued on page* 33)

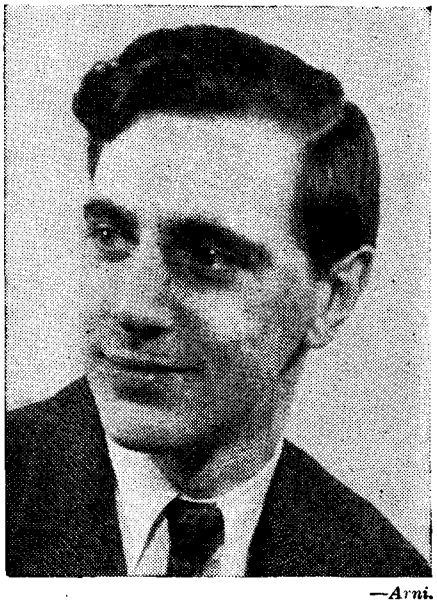
Fiction. *Most of us have known the Orient as the playground and treasure house of white imperialists revealed through the stories of Kipling, Somerset Maugham, and many another writer. There can be no better illustration of the shattering change in the relations between the East and the West than Robert Shaplen's "A Corner of the World." In five moving and brilliant short stories he reveals the moral predicament of the bewildered Americans who today are cast among people who neither need nor want them. In Robert Lowry's stories, "The Wolf that Fed Us," Rome is the scene of the erotic adventures of American soldiers on furlough, where famished Italian girls fed the sexual hunger of the boys from the USA. It is a book to end all books on war and sex. If the reader wishes to bask in a glittering and shallow world, not alien to sex, we recommend Diana Forbes-Robertson's "A Cat and a King."*

Against Musky Backgrounds

A CORNER OF THE WORLD. By Robert Shaplen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 246 *pp.* $2.75.

By JOHN WOODBURN

AS A VERY small boy I held, in common with a good many of my contemporaries, the fascinating belief that China lay directly, if distantly, beneath my sneakers. Years later when I went to the Orient and found it at last, and literally, beneath my feet, I was scarcely better prepared for the experience than the little boy who had once seriously considered getting there by digging. It seems to me that there is no place in the world that the American appears to less advantage than in the Far East; nowhere does he seem more adolescent and outlandish, more *nouveau*, than in the presence of a people and a culture which place him in such brilliant contrast. I suppose that those of us who have gone there either to convert or exploit may feel less disturbed or intrusive, but since I was there in the service of neither God nor Mammon, I was often acutely conscious of being where I didn't belong and wasn't especially wanted.



—*Arni.*

Robert Shaplen—"courage and incisiveness."

Since it is not my intention to present myself as an Orientalist, I should say that these remarks were generated by reading Robert Shaplen's "A Corner of the World." These five excellent, eloquent short stories are laid against the musky backgrounds of Shanghai, Calcutta, Manila, Saigon, and Macao—yeasty corners of the Orient which the author has explored over the last five years in his capacity of correspondent—and together they present a vivid document on the American in the Far East. Although they have been inter-connected by b r i e f, italicized, autobiographical paragraphs such as Ernest Hemingway first used in his "In Our Time," they achieve a more valid unity in their common theme. In each of these stories Mr. Shaplen discloses the human rubble which has been washed up by the roily wake of the war, and each story reiterates the moral predicament of Western man.

In "Young Man with a Future" a discharged American sergeant disintegrates swiftly in the atmosphere of feverish eroticism and political violence of postwar Shanghai. He was an honest young man, a well-intentioned, hazy liberal, but there had been so little in his life to prepare him for the experiences which assailed him that finally there was nothing left to him but panicked flight from a nightmare which he could not understand. In Calcutta, in "A Wind Is Rising," an American

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correspondent is caught up, almost compulsively, in the bitter communal riots and dies before he can clarify his feeling of moral responsibility. Max-Robert, the romantic young French journalist in Saigon, is betrayed by the very honesty and idealism which had made him admirable in France. Perhaps the bitterest story, and to me the best, is that of Colonel Delaney, the go-getter who got in on the ground floor of the import business in Manila while he was still on terminal leave. If Sergeant McKenzie in Shanghai and Archer Grayson in Calcutta are tragic symbols of the American caught up in the complexities and chaos of the postwar East, the sordid fate of Colonel Delaney has been of his own contrivance. And if Mr. Shaplen in this story has occasionally allowed his indignation to silence his compassion, that was perfectly all right with me. "The Colonel on the Ground Floor" is a stinging portrait of avarice and arrogance. It is also, I am sad to say, a portrait of an American who, by a thousand names, is well and bitterly known to thousands of people who live west of San Francisco or, for that matter, wherever the uniform and the business suit have brought democracy and American know-how to an unenlightened people.

It is in the final, title story that Mr. Shaplen enunciates most passionately his insistent thesis. In Macao a German refugee says to Lieutenant Gordon: "Yet, if I may be permitted, if you will pardon my saying it, your American soldier has much yet to learn about the world, about this part of the world in particular." Richter had fled first from Nazi Germany, and finally from all Europe, and here in Macao, in this distant, steamy corner of the world it had begun to seem that he might live in peace. Yet when a striking native is beaten by a company guard Dr. Richter, knowing completely what will happen, unhesitatingly tends him. Not until Richter's cynical assassination does Lieutenant Gordon believe that such things can happen. Could it be that, after all, there was no place, no corner of the world, for the Dr. Richters, for men who would not hesitate, at such cost, to make a moral choice?

This story is the most profoundly felt, the most impassioned of the five. And perhaps for this reason it is not, as a piece of writing, the most successful. The character of Richter tends at times to become slightly blurred by the symbolism, and when Lieutenant Gordon, frustrated by the bland hypocrisy of the authorities, refuses the invitation of the British skipper to dine in his cabin, saying: "Tell him no . . . tell him thanks, but I've got to stay below," it seems an oversimplified, even melodramatic ending to a story which was meant to say so much.

There can be no quarrel, however, with Mr. Shaplen's considerable talent as a story-teller, or the courage and incisiveness of his comment. He has said some important things, and said them very well, at a time when they are much needed in this or any corner of the world.

"Tell me frankly, General, should I start saving used fats?"

Ambition . . .

WHISPER MY NAME. By Burke Davis. New York: Rinehart & Co. 282 pp. $2.75.

By Bucklin Moon

THE story of the Jew who denies his heritage, whether for material gain or to escape the pressures of prejudice, is a theme not new to American letters. That Burke Davis, in "Whisper My Name," has managed to write a novel of freshness, and a first novel at that, is a tribute to his ability as a writer; yet no small part of the book's success, to this reader at least, lies in the fact that this theme is only incidental in the larger story of a small Southern town. Indeed, Daniel Gordon's Jewishness is more stated than shown, and the reaction of the town to it, as such, actually adds no complications to his life. By this I mean merely that had Gordon been a Yankee—damned or otherwise—the chances are that the results would have been pretty much the same.

And this, paradoxically enough, is both the strength and weakness of the novel. As a story of an ambitious stranger in a provincial Carolina town—a man willing to go to any ends in order to attain financial status, even to the extent of denying his background, marrying the *right* woman, and betraying the woman who really made possible his rapid advancement—"Whisper My Name" is a good notch above the average novel.

Mr. Davis knows his background and his people, as well he should, having been brought up among them, but more than that he has a keen sense of the sweep of the years and the minute changes they bring; he knows the feel of a town after midnight and the inner secret life of its nearly deserted streets; and his sympathies never slop over at the edges.

And yet, though there is always a sense of tragedy in the background, some relentless biological reaction which is not only going to bring down havoc upon the head of Daniel Gordon but also on those who loved and tried to protect him, when it comes it seems less a tragedy in the terms of the book's intentions than an inherent weakness in Daniel Gordon himself. Even the irony that the town had all along known of his racial origin does not quite erase an uneasiness in the reader's mind because somehow along the way it has dissipated itself. One wishes that the emphasis of the publisher's blurb had been different, or better, that the au-

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thor had not dragged in this added complication at all.

It is, perhaps, not within the province of the reviewer to tell authors how they should have written a book, but this one may be excused on the grounds of complete sincerity. If I have been unduly hard on "Whisper My Name," such was not my intention. It is a good novel, but it just misses being an outstanding one, and perhaps for the very reasons that I have mentioned.

Hunger . . .

THE WOLF THAT FED US. By Robert Lowry. New York: Doubleday & Co. 220 pp. $2.75.

By HARRISON SMITH

ROBERT LOWRY'S collection of short stories gets its title from an American soldier's momentary glance at Rome's historic bronze she-wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, as he goes back to the wars from an orgiastic furlough in Rome. Private Joe could not tell Private Burt why he felt emotionally involved in something he couldn't put into words, but to the reader it is plain enough why the mother wolf made him think of the Roman girls and women he had seen who had appeased the hunger and in some measure restored the manhood of hordes of exhausted conquerors. "The Wolf That Fed Us" is a book that should be left alone by moralists who are not willing to look at the sexual aspects of war without grimacing with disgust or hostility.

Mr. Lowry's stories with only one or two exceptions deal with love, if one can call it that, as it was experienced by the United States Army before and during the invasion in Italy and after the war. If the theme becomes somewhat monotonous, it is given continued vitality by the author's restrained anger, his compassion for the men and for the women engaged in this frightful traffic in which the male thirst for sex was met by the female's hunger for food. He is as successful in creating his tragic girls as he is in distinguishing between one uniformed man and another equally obsessed by the twin desires for forgetfulness in drink and sex. It can too easily be called a brutal book since it is at times realistic enough to produce a kind of nausea of the spirit.

In only one of the stories, the first, is there any approach to love as happiness, an ecstasy of the emotions. In the rest it is a gruesome necessity for men and women alike. In one, a girl living on the Mexican border after a wretched marriage finally surrenders to promiscuity. In another, a young soldier on the way home to his family for a furlough becomes the prisoner of a woman who casts him aside when she has had enough of him. Toward the end a lonely woman in Greenwich Village suffers the torments of the damned when she discovers that she is attracted by a loose-lipped young gangster who haunts her street. This story, "The Terror in the Streets," is too powerful in its revelation of sexual starvation to be forgotten and is perhaps the best of the entire collection.

The title story that brings the adventures of Joe and Burt among the starving women of Rome is followed by a hundred pages or so of realism more intense and certainly more pitiful than the chapters in John Horne Burns's "The Gallery," in which sex and the Army in Naples repeat the scenes in Mr. Lowry's book. With these two volumes in his possession the reader can well dispense with any future inquiries of the same nature. There is a sameness in crumpled, musty beds and sweating bodies that repels further investigation on the scale of Mr. Lowry's "The Wolf That Fed Us."

Fiction Notes

BONANZA QUEEN, by Zola Ross. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. It's the year 1869. Almost anything can happen. Opportunity knocks twice, adventurers flourish, manipulators multiply, while fortunes are made by the waxing and waning of the moon. Virginia City is the garden spot for this gigantic speculation and the Comstock Lode proves it.

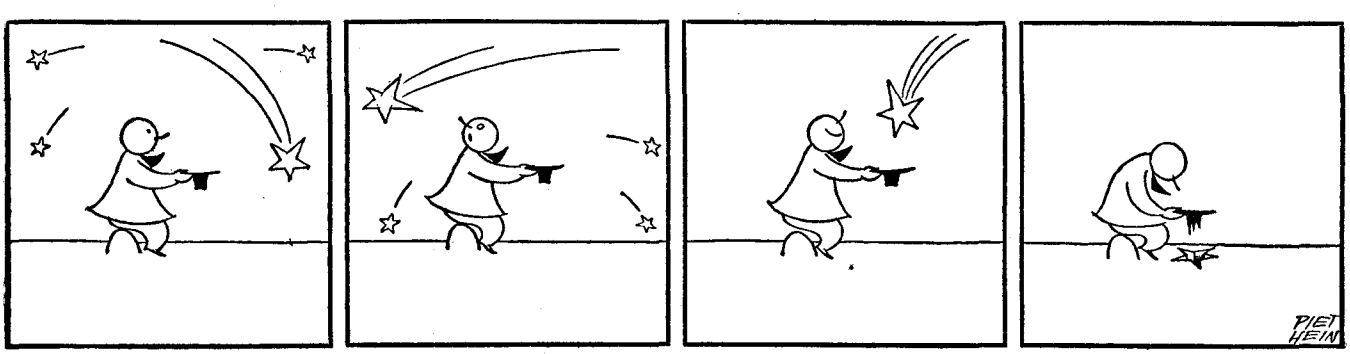
Wildcat, passionate, irresistible Renée Courtelot comes here to stake her claim. After an unfortunate marriage, a misguided love affair, and tempestuous financial vicissitudes, she strikes it rich. And lo! that great brute and bully of a glowering fellow she took for her enemy proves to be her beloved liege lord. Fadeout of passion happily blurred with abundant prosperity. Undeviatingly pedestrian.

O, HUGE ANGEL, by Howard Baer. Roy. $2.50. Mr. Baer has fashioned a great, granite mass of a man to symbolize false fright. A Negro known as "Mark," ignorant seaman, fierce, brutish, totally inarticulate, and abysmally lonely, comes one night upon the body of a murdered boy in the cavernous streets of San Francisco. In pity he pauses. Oncoming police discover him, instantaneously accuse him, and force him to flee with the heavy cloak of guilt on his huge shoulders. The ship that shelters him also shelters the actual psychopathic, homosexual killer. The driven innocent faces spiritual torture, immense despair, an inevitable need to kill, and one soothing interlude of physical passion before he is cornered and unjustly slaughtered.

The shadow of fear, the tang of escape, and a compassion for all floundering souls offset the somewhat conscious repetition of phrase, and a contrived reshuffling of words. Blow after bloody blow creates remembered emptiness. Terror triumphs.

A CAT AND A KING, by Diana Forbes-Robertson. Random House. $2.75. One more slap at the aging matinee idol. Egotistical as usual, reeking with rehearsed charm, ready with the word to ensnare or to discard as the mood pleases, this particular beautiful creature breaks hearts as readily as box-office records. This time he drives his alcoholic son to suicide, relegates his wife to an almost zombie-like passivity, and

(*Continued on page* 38)



"Waiting for a Shooting Star."

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U. S. A. *Each of the five books we review here deals with a distinct social problem, and each of these problems is one that seriously affects the daily life of every American. In "The Negro in the United States," E. Franklin Frazier supplements rather than duplicates Gunnar Myrdal's now classic "An American Dilemma." In "Elmtown's Youth," August B. Hollingshead explores a basic question: the effect of social classes upon the life and psychology of young people in an average small town. In "Strategy for Liberals," Irwin Ross proffers an alluring compromise between a capitalist economy and a Socialist economy. In "Mink and Red Herring," A. J. Liebling investigates the foibles and failures of the metropolitan newspaper press. In "They Also Believe," Charles S. Braden throws light on this country's numerous small religious sects.*

From Slavery to Slums

THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES. By E. Franklin Frazier. New York: The Macmillan Co. 767 pp. $8.

By Arnold M. Rose

THE increasing literature on minority groups and intergroup relations can be divided into two categories: that written by authors who have intimate acquaintance with the problems involved and that written by authors who approach the problems as outsiders. The new book by Professor E. Franklin Frazier clearly belongs to the former category; because he knew what was significant before he began his task, he has written a significant report on the internal history and present conditions of the Negro in the United States. The study is thorough, well documented, and accurate. It is highly factual, and is not bound together by any theoretical framework or point of view. The book is not written for the general reader, but rather for the student. It is also a splendid reference work.

Practically all the material has been published previously. In describing the present condition of the Negro, the author has tried to use the most recent sources. However, because of the lack of recent monographs in certain of the areas covered by him (notably in health and population), some of the facts and discussions are dated. The reader will be able to detect the areas in which there is need for new monographic studies by looking at the dates in the footnote references. Another source of selection in the book arises from the fact that Dr. Frazier is the outstanding authority on the Negro family, and the sections on the family are more complete and more analytic than are other sections.

Frazier is head of the Department of Sociology at Howard University, the outstanding institution for the higher education of Negroes. He holds his doctorate in sociology from the University of Chicago, and has conducted studies in Europe and Latin America as well as in the United States. Because of his eminence as a sociologist, he was elected to the position of president of the American Sociological Society for the year 1948.

This is not a book on race relations. Frazier demarcates his book from Myrdal's "An American Dilemma" on that basis. Although there is considerable overlap between the two books, the primary focus of the Myrdal volume is on the relations between Negroes and whites, whereas the major focus of the Frazier volume is on the internal conditions and structure of the American Negro group. While this seems to be a useful division of labor, it tends to preclude from Frazier's discussion in some places a thorough discussion of the consequences of what is for Negroes the most important factor in their community life—the subordinated role into which they are forced by whites.

—Blackstone Studios, Inc.

"E. Franklin Frazier knew what was significant."

Frazier first considers the Negro under the slave regime—both the slave and the free Negro—giving special attention to the plantation as an institution and to slave revolts. He then goes on to the conflict engendered by the Civil War and the Reconstruction period, and the ensuing accommodations. The Negro community is analyzed in terms of population, rural-urban differences, class stratification, the family, the church, fraternal organizations, and business enterprise. Intellectual life is taken up under the headings of the school, the newspaper, and other literature, social movements, race consciousness, and leadership. The problems of health, poverty, unemployment, family disorganizations, crime and delinquency, mental deficiency, insanity, and race prejudice are considered. The book closes with a brief essay on "Prospects for Integration of the Negro Into American Society."

With his penchant for thorough documentation and his emphasis on facts, Frazier tries to avoid taking a stand on controversial issues. Yet he is so completely honest that he cannot avoid the controversies. His critique of the explanation of Negro institutions in terms of the mental and moral inferiority of the Negro is as solid and convincing as it could be. He also carries on his long feud with those who look for African origins for American Negro institutions and behavior patterns. He takes only a passing crack at those who analyze the role of the Negro in America in terms of the concept of caste, contributing the important observation that the social rules subordinating the Negro are not uniform even within the South, much less between South and North. In so doing, however, he neglects the basic sociological fact that no sociological concept has completely uniform application; caste was never exactly the same thing in all parts of India, and it has changed with time. It is quite true, however, that race relations are so different in the North and in the South that if the term is applied to the South it should not also be applied to the North.

The sound scholarship of this book will contribute to the continued sober analysis of the position of minority groups in the United States. The increasing interest in the subject matter in turn stimulates the sort of literature which illuminates the problem.

Arnold M. Rose is associate professor of sociology at Washington University, St. Louis.

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Class Bends the Twig

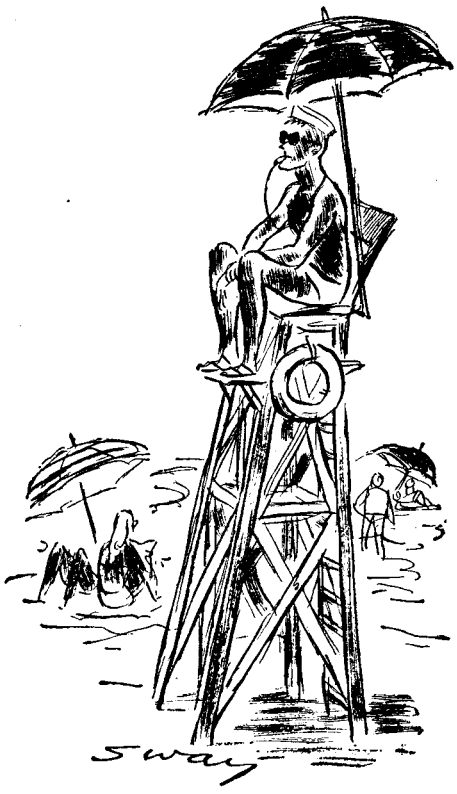
ELMTOWN'S YOUTH: The Impact of Social Classes on Adolescents. By August B. Hollingshead. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 480 pp. $5.

By Robert S. Lynd

THIS is the story of the high-school-age world in one of those seemingly nondescript little Middle Western towns one glances at so casually from a Pullman window. Stretching out beyond the grimy back-side of a town that abuts on the railroad are the homes of 6,200 Americans, ninety-three per cent of them native-born; and for two-thirds of the families this town has been their whole world since before the turn of the century. In such a stable little community, living off small industries and agriculture, the seasons come and go, middle-class wives jockey for status at the Country Club, and children grow up and get fixed in the grooves of living to which they are born. There are no anonymous persons in a place of this size, and who one is and all one's life are the subject of continuous discussion. "Private lives are not private." Yet, lying seemingly so open to inspection, such a small community presents a formidable front to the intruder who comes in to record its secrets—especially if he is out to study such uneasy things as its class stratification and the lives of its restless, nearly-grown youth. It is a tribute to Professor and Mrs. Hollingshead as good human beings, as well as skilful investigators, that they were able to move in on "Elmtown," live there for a year, and get the cooperation that made possible this penetrating study.

The study tests the proposition that the class into which one is born steadily influences one, from birth, to become a type of person different from children born into other classes. Outwardly, "Elmtown" makes the familiar American denial of "classes," keeping strictly mum about this "un-American" phenomenon in its schools and all its other formal institutions. But, as the interviews in chapter four make very clear, "prestige structure is stratified into classes in the thoughts as well as the actions of 'Elmtowners'," and even "the kids in high school know this. . . . There are definite classes here. . . . We have an aristocracy of wealth in this town, and a hell of a lot of poor people. . . . I discovered the first two months I was here that this town is class-conscious."

Just because "Elmtown" is so small, semi-agricultural, and so patently American, the clarity of the data in chapters four and five on class cleavages and their bases makes this part of the volume an important contribution. Here we see, variously phrased by different citizens, (1) the small top class with money, bolstered by family status based on money—"and if you lose your money, you're dropped"; (2) the upper-middle class, of whom over half in this town have inherited or married their access to



money; (3) the lower-middle class, who have fairly good jobs but no social life except in the churches; (4) the "good, solid" working people and clerks "who live right but never get any place," and (5) the bottom fringe of workers "who aren't worth a damn and don't give a damn."

With great technical care, the families of the 735 high-school-age adolescents were assigned to the class to which each belongs. The study then turns to the comparative analysis of the children of these five identified classes—in their school experience, cliques and dates, religious activities, recreation, sex (here the smallness of the town really hindered the getting of information above the working class), and job selection. One sees upper- and upper-middle-class children getting more than their share of high grades, and the children of the two lower classes getting more than their share of failures; the differential participation of children of various classes in specific types of recreation, and the coercive closing-in on youth of both sexes of the social fate of their class.

Tract for the Times

STRATEGY FOR LIBERALS. By Irwin Ross. New York: Harper & Bros. 211 pp. $3.

By T. V. Smith

WITH a catchy title, this tract for the times presents a thesis more seductive than sound. Its contention is that a "mixed" society (capitalism-cooperation-Socialism) would solve our problems. It is next to certain that the thesis is inadequate (as it was in Polybius for the Roman state, in Montesquieu for the British Empire). We Americans already have, in essence, the "mixed" society, but the problems here paraded are with us still, and with England still, whose mixture is more to the author's liking.

The trouble with the "mixture" is, as usual, that the author wants to master-mind the recipe. Though he shows that he understands that nobody ever yields power voluntarily, his recipe nevertheless calls for a federal government not with delegated powers, like ours, but with unreserved powers, which he hopes will be used indirectly. One glance, however (last chapter), at what he proposes to do at once with Congress, and presently to the Court, will disclose the utter impatience of his "strategy." Mr. Ross has not yet learned that whoever makes problems his pabulum will never lack what he can nervously view with alarm.

No doubt our predicament *is* one of means-ends, but not essentially so. To make the causal relation primary for liberalism is already to be psychologically committed (page Communism!) to radical strategy: a strategy, that is, in which ends are so romantic that they cannot be achieved at all, and can only be attempted by a point-to-point contradiction between each end proposed and every means indicated ("perpetual peace" through *internecine war*, "classlessness" by *classfulness*, "withering of statism" by means of *maximizing state power*, "pure justice" only through *heartless liquidation*, etc.).

It is just this "professional" liberalism (*i. e.*, already psychologically infected with radicalism) which demands in a single session of Congress completion of a century's gradual progress in civil rights at the South; that called the Taft-Hartley Act "an enslavement of labor" and promised its complete abolition; and that—South, North, West, alike—substitutes for scrupulous communication between representatives and those represented a shoddy "Gresham's Law" of politics whereby promisers of hea-

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ven depreciate performers of such moderate virtues as are possible on earth.

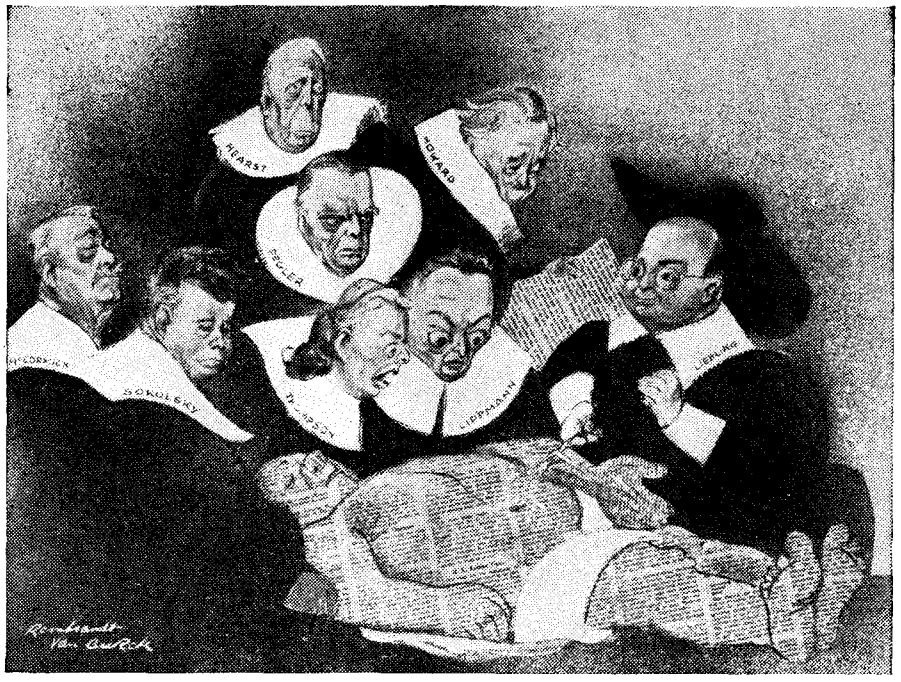
Liberalism should, in all conscience, be made of sterner stuff, as it was in Jefferson and Madison, who, more menaced by problems than we, built this republic on a strategy of forbearance and patience. Liberalism should be made of such self-esteem, to begin with, that *be-goodism* does not rest exclusively on "do-goodism." It should be made of such psychological wisdom as informs a citizen that only he who is prepared to live with himself where he is, could live any happier where he isn't. It should be made of the logical stuff to understand that the psychiatric feeds upon the chronically problematic. And it should be made of the moral stuff to abide the simple observable truth that only conservative men can build and operate liberal institutions; for only they are patient enough to manage collective processes gradually and only they are self-contained enough to abide the mediocre results of the inevitable compromise process of democracy.

Such are the issues raised by this book as distinct from the problems contained in it. These problems—poverty, depressions, labor, housing, gerontocracy, bureaucracy, etc.—are not soluble in the mood of this treatise. The author begs the most important questions, and approaches his problems in a mood that is impetuous, imprecatory, and, secularly speaking, is impious. Could the temper of this perpetration be made somehow to prevail, the American people would meet their trials of peace and war without discipline, with romanticism, minus reserves, and lacking endurance. The book will help to explain, alas, why "liberalism" is suspect by many generous citizens. It calls all the current clichés. It bleeds for all the good causes prevailingly popular. It has stylistic punch but hardly an iota of (good) humor. It has moral fervor but not modesty. It has concern for mankind, but little knowledge of men, least of all political men.

So as a tract for the times, it is exacerbative; as a prod for politicians, it is minatory; as a manual for statesmen, it is miasmic; as light summer reading for citizens, it is romantic; as a specific for patriotism in internationally trying times, it is lamentable.

Otherwise, it is a good book.

T. V. Smith is Maxwell Professor of Citizenship and Philosophy at Syracuse University. Included among his books are "Democracy and Dictatorship," "Politics and Public Service," and "A Preface to the Universe."



—*After Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson," from the book.*

"Liebling Dissecting the Press."

Journalistic Malfeasance

MINK AND RED HERRING. By A. J. Liebling. New York: Doubleday & Co. 251 pp. $2.95.

By Don Hollenbeck

ANOTHER refreshing backward look at some of the foibles of the metropolitan press is provided in A. J. Liebling's book whose title derives from the antics of some of our journals over New York City relief investigations, antics during which to the horror of the press, a woman with a ratty old mink coat had been found to be drawing relief payments. The second half concerns other antics by the press in various matters involving investigations of Communist activity, but the collection also includes discussions of newspaper performance in Mr. Liebling's best barbed style. We go along from day to day aware of the shortcomings of our newspapers, but such is the ephemeral nature of news that we are inclined to forget just what those shortcomings are. "Mink and Red Herring" and Mr. Liebling's earlier collection, "The Wayward Pressman"—both made of his *New Yorker* articles—help to remind us specifically.

And if we forget about the shortcomings of the press, the press itself certainly forgets, too, undoubtedly from the psychological impulse that we forget that of which we are not proud. And that's the reason "Mink and Red Herring" appears at this time. In a foreword, Mr. Liebling explains that following the great newspaper fiasco of last November, the press admitted that it had been wrong—columnists called for crow to eat, astrologers checked back on their star charts, and augurs examined the sacred entrails to find where they had gone astray. But, Mr. Liebling goes on, the newspapers he has been reading lately do not seem to recognize the possibility, implicit in their November admissions, that they may ever be wrong again. So he has hastened, he says, to bring out this collection of papers in which, in the pages of a magazine that does not claim unimpeachable infallibility, he has expressed occasional small doubts of the infallibility of the press. Well and good, and although we are inclined to agree with Mr. Liebling's forlorn conclusion—he says he has a hunch that the walls of the temporarily flattened Jericho are built of self-rising flour, and by the time the book gets out, the press will be sure that it is infallible again—recent events give us hope that this assurance may have been shaken. The fact that reportorial investigation turned up the story that fifty-one Illinois newspapers had been on a state political payroll shocked honest newspapermen to their boots, and although it took a number of weeks before that story got national circulation, it did get around finally, and it undoubtedly resulted in some journalistic soul-searching with what cannot help but be beneficial results.

"Mink and Red Herring" doesn't

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measure up to Mr. Liebling's first book, "The Wayward Pressman," because it contains less original material, less general discussion of newspaper practice, but perhaps this is not too important. The important thing is that we be reminded from time to time by case histories of specific examples of journalistic malfeasance rather than by generalizations on the subject. The reader of "Mink and Red Herring" will be reminded sharply of a number of things which have slipped his mind, and which without question have also slipped several editors' minds.

Off-Brand Religions

THESE ALSO BELIEVE. By Charles S. Braden. New York: The Macmillan Co. 491 *pp.* $6.

By CHARLES W. FERGUSON

NOT long ago I told a friend that I believed the only thoughtful work being done in the field of American religious cults was the product of a man named Braden at Northwestern University. My opinion was based on a series of pieces he had published several years ago in *The Christian Century*. Braden, I felt, had shown a perception sadly lacking among other writers who had tackled the subject of our religious oddities. He saw the prodigious variety of cults flowering here not only in relation to established religion but also in terms of the whole cultural pattern of which religion is a part. I had gone on to say somewhat wistfully that it was a pity Braden did not develop his series into a book.

Shortly after this conversation—in which, obviously, I did most of the talking—*The Saturday Review* asked me if I would review "These Also Believe." I fell upon the book with interest and read it with respect. I must say that the results are even better than I had reason to expect.

First of all, Braden has done direct and personal research. He has spent working hours with Father Divine, Frank B. Robinson of Psychiana, the Fillmores of the Unity School of Christianity. Even when he could not see the No. 1 man or woman (as in the case of the I Am Movement) at least he tried. Through notable tact and genuine interest, he got access to records, talked with converts and backsliders, prowled the haunts and, in general, immersed himself in the living essentials of the story he sets out to tell.

Such a performance is remarkable in two respects. To begin with, Braden is a professor. A professor is usually content, indeed often professionally proud, to do a mere compendium of library data. He rarely takes a streetcar and talks with people. In the next place, other books written in this field, whether by professors or not, have suffered from a lack of direct acquaintance with those who comprise either the leadership or membership of the cults. Journalists attracted by the glitter of religious minority groups have written almost entirely on the basis of hearsay and second-hand information. For the most part they have seemed bent on making derisive use of matter quoted from the effulgent literature which the cults turn out.

The manifest limitations from which other books suffer lend Braden's book a considerable luster by contrast. Hence it is practically impossible to offer an honest estimate of it or to predict the impression it is likely to make on the reader whose interest is casual. All I can say is that it is far and away the best piece of work I know in an almost unbelievably neglected field. If it is not the "Golden Bough" of living religions, it is at least a noteworthy start toward a literature of appraisal that will do for current religious expression what Frazer did for the religions of the past.

—*Eugene Day.*

Charles S. Braden—"detached, inquisitive."

What one confronts in "These Also Believe"—what he cannot escape as he follows the unfolding story of one off-brand religion after another—is vitality. Religious emotion, which cannot be satisfied or contained in traditional forms, finds an outlet in the cults. The result may often be untidy and may disturb the sense of decorum among those of established faiths or of no faith at all. But even so, the varieties of religious experience in America are too great to be ignored and they need now to be examined respectfully and with a view to determining their significance.

This task Braden has set himself and he has brought to it notable gifts. His sympathies are enormous, and at the same time his mind remains detached and inquisitive. His work reveals an orderly and perhaps over-precise nature, which leads at times to an excessive classification of material and to a pedantic habit of cross-reference. But at least his careful packaging leaves the reader with a feeling that nothing of moment has been overlooked. And if the meticulous subdivisions and careful documentation give the book a textbookish tone and manner, they should not be allowed to frighten off readers whose interest is lively if not studious. "These Also Believe" contains a stirring fund of recorded experience not conveniently available elsewhere, and it is presented ably and in good taste.

Charles W. Ferguson, associate editor of The Reader's Digest *and a former Methodist minister, is author of "The Confusion of Tongues: A Review of Modern Isms," and other books.*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 314

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 314 will be found in the next issue.

ZYXYAZYABZ XCW VADW

XVAWGAZYZ — YOWL PAVV

YWZYAKL KQC WAYOWC

ZAEW.—K. O. VX FRXCEAX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 313

The tongue breaketh bone, although the tongue itself have none.

—J. WYCLIFFE.

—Works

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A Letter from the Librarian of Congress

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Realizing that no discussion of the* 1948 *Library of Congress-Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound for "The Pisan Cantos" would be complete without a statement of the position of the Library of Congress in the matter,* SRL *is grateful to Luther H. Evans, Librarian of Congress, for the following letter in reply to Robert Hillyer's articles "Treason's Strange Fruit" and "Poetry's New Priesthood"* (SRL *June* 11, 18) *and* SRL's *editorial "Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award"* (*June* 11). *In order to give the point of view of the Library equal prominence with* SRL's *attacks on the award, this week we devote our editorial pages to Mr. Evans's answer, together with a rejoinder from the editors of* SRL.

SIR: I am writing you in regard to the article by Mr. Robert Hillyer and the editorial by yourself and Mr. Smith in the June 11 number of *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

Mr. Hillyer said early in his article that he was unable to discover who appoints the Fellows in American Letters. Mr. Verner W. Clapp of the Library of Congress wrote Mr. Hillyer on April 22: "The Fellows are appointed by the Librarian of Congress."

The Fellows in American Letters were first appointed in 1944 by my predecessor, Archibald MacLeish, to perform assignments of importance to the Library of Congress, and in his opinion and in the opinion of the distinguished workers in the field of American letters who could devote the necessary time to such onerous tasks, useful to scholarship and the advancement of literature. They accepted the tasks of advising the Library concerning the strengthening of its collections and the promotion of bibliographical and publication projects in American literary material. They also advised the Librarian on the choice of the annual incumbent of the Chair of Poetry in English. After almost four years of successful endeavor the Fellows, in addition to their other work, which now included assisting in carrying forward a project to issue albums of contemporary poetry read by the poets themselves, hit upon the idea (in January 1948) of an award for the outstanding publication each year in American poetry. After I approved the proposal an approach was made to secure the funds, with the success which has been noted.

The implications in Mr. Hillyer's article that the Bollingen Foundation had a part in the award to Ezra Pound, or in some way influenced it, are particularly annoying to the Library of Congress, and if in your editorial column you intended to vouch for the validity of such implications, I am sure you were not acquainted with the facts.

So far as my own knowledge and belief go, neither the Bollingen Foundation nor any of its trustees, officers, or representatives had the slightest connection with the choice of "The Pisan Cantos" for the award. When, at the request of myself and the Library's Fellows, the Foundation agreed to make a grant to the Library, its purpose was to enable that agency of the Federal Government to grant a prize in recognition of outstanding achievement in American poetry. My idea in requesting the grant, and the sole purpose of the Foundation's trustees in approving it, was to encourage serious endeavors in this field of American letters.

It was the Foundation's definite understanding from the beginning that the award would be solely that of the Library of Congress, made on the basis of the choice of a panel made up of the Library's Fellows in American Letters. It should also be emphasized that the Foundation had no connection with the selection of these Fellows nor any of their activities. They were appointed by the Librarian of Congress, and their selection is the responsibility of that officer of the Federal Government. So far as concerns T. S. Eliot, he had not served as a member of the panel at any meeting when the gift to the Library from the Foundation was made. He was appointed by me on my own responsibility, without any consultation with, or the knowledge of, the Foundation. In short, from the beginning every step was taken to insure that the prize, when awarded, would in fact be that of the Library of Congress, made on its responsibility, uninfluenced in any way by the Foundation. While the prize bears the name of the Foundation, this was a courtesy which the Library of Congress wished to extend in appreciation of the donor's generosity.

It is extremely unfortunate from the viewpoint of future aid to the cultural activities of the Library of Congress that a public benefactor, such as Bollingen Foundation, seeking only to promote the welfare of the Library by a generous gift, should be subjected, because of the Library's application of that gift, to the unfavorable reflections appearing in Mr. Hillyer's article, which are apparently vouched for in your publication's editorial accompanying the article. Furthermore, you will understand that this is highly embarrassing to me and to the Library.

That Mr. Paul Mellon has through some diabolical and perverted motivation tried to influence the decision of the Fellows, is an insinuation which I believe has no foundation whatever. I doubt seriously that Mr. Mellon knows personally a single member of the group of Fellows. All the public can see how generously he has given to worthy causes, without going beyond the press headlines of the past week. Why cannot the traducing of persons of high personal character and integrity be reserved for officers of Government, who must by virtue of the nature of the democratic process put up with it anyhow?

The attack on the legality and the propriety of appointing persons to the staff of the Library of Congress for the purposes served by the Fellows in American Letters ignores the clear statutory authorizations under which the Library of Congress operates (U. S. Code, Title II), and constitutes

Atomic Age Fables

JS

XIII. Progress

"OUR laws are our autobiographies," said the first philosopher. "Man loves and hates, and wins and loses. When will we ever face the truth?"

"And forget progress?" asked the second. —J. S.

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a challenge to a broad program of the Library for promoting the arts in America. Under the auspices of the Coolidge Foundation the Library has for decades commissioned the writing of music, has awarded medals for outstanding accomplishments in musicianship, and has provided concerts of high quality.

Surely, it is no service to American culture to make an ill-founded attack upon the effort made by this great institution to enrich the life of the people by such means. With the specific approval of Congress also, the Library prepares a publication known as *The United States Quarterly Book List*. This book list has as its purpose the review under the editorship of a regular Government employee of selected books which make a contribution to knowledge. The operation involves the editing by Government employees of evaluations of books made by the individual scholarly reviewers who contribute their services for this purpose. The editor has authority to rewrite reviews and to change the evaluations made of the books reviewed. The signatures of the reviewers do not appear.

The Congress has also during the past decade or more authorized a large appropriation to the Library of Congress, currently in the amount of approximately one million dollars, for the provision of books for the adult blind readers of the United States. The selection of books to be put in this program is entrusted entirely to the Librarian of Congress and his staff. The operation involves the choice of a few books from the multitude from which the choice is made for the instructional and recreational reading of blind persons. The responsibility is a heavy one and it amounts in effect to calling some books bad and other books good.

I should like to observe that the question of propriety in a project of the type I have been discussing is intimately related to the Governmental arrangements for making the scholarly or artistic decisions involved. It would obviously be improper and an abuse of authority for decisions to be made as to what is truthful or what is beautiful or what is good as the arbitrary acts of an individual not especially qualified to make them. By this I mean, for instance, that I as the head of the Library of Congress would be acting arbitrarily were I to pass judgment on what is good music, assuming that I am not an expert in the field, or selecting books for the *Quarterly Book List* in fields where I do not have expert capacity or in picking a book of poetry for an award when I am not a qualified critic of poetry. The only way to insure that choices of this kind are legitimate and acceptable when made by a Government institution is to conduct affairs in such a way that persons who make the esthetic or the scholarly judgments are persons chosen for their competence in such work and divorced from general responsibilities for the management of the institution itself. This principle I have striven to observe, and I have, I believe, observed it in the present case.

"Hang the expense! I want the entire Un-American Activities Committee to play the posse in my new Western!"

The Fellows in American Letters are in all cases, I believe, persons of attainment and a high sense of responsibility for promoting and strengthening what is good in American culture. No such serious charge as yours, as far as I know, has hitherto been made against them of being politically motivated members of a clique or a school or a particular esthetic group, or of being under the domination of any individual. Now that your charge has been made I shall, of course, inquire into the situation with a view to the possibility if it should prove desirable of strengthening the representative character of the group. The insinuation which has been made is very damaging to the Fellows and to the Library of Congress, since it amounts to a charge that the Fellows have not acted, as they were charged to act, as public servants, but rather that they have abused the authority entrusted to them for evil ends. I think evidence should be produced, rather than pure supposition, to sustain such an insinuation. You and Mr. Hillyer are under a public duty to produce the evidence.

I personally regard the choice of "The Pisan Cantos" for the Bollingen prize as an unfortunate choice. I do not feel called upon to go into all of my reasons for feeling this. I think it is sufficient to say that from my poetically ignorant point of view Mr. Pound's book is hardly poetry at all. I believe now, as I believed at the time of announcing the award, that I would be engaging in an improper interference with free scholarship if I were to substitute my own decision in this matter for the decision of the Fellows. I think that for me to interfere with the work of scholars would be far worse than to award the prize for a book which did not deserve it. After all, a cure is available in scholarly terms for scholarly errors, but I know of no cure for the bureaucratic error of overriding scholarly judgment in cases of this kind. I feel that I would have been striking a blow against the cause of liberty by over-

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riding scholarly judgment, and I do not feel that the blow for unrighteousness which the award may represent, is nearly as grave.

You and Mr. Hillyer have treated Mr. Pound as though he had been proved guilty of treason. To me, this is not the case. To me also it is irrelevant to the making of the award, since we did not say in the conditions of the award that a person had to be one who had not been convicted by courts or found guilty by the public of some crime or other. I should also like to observe that Mr. Pound is a citizen no matter whether it may be desirable in the judgment of *The Saturday Review of Literature* that he should continue to be such. The matter of citizenship is one of law and not one of politics or poetry.

The Fellows in American Letters do not have to be citizens. Therefore, the criticism of Mr. Eliot's membership of the group on this ground is irrelevant. Persons are chosen for outstanding accomplishment in the field of American letters, either as creative writers or as scholars in the field. Mr. Eliot meets this test, and I have no intention of asking him to resign. Indeed, I should be very sorry if such a distinguished writer were to cease to be a member of the group.

As to whether a person who is insane can write distinguished poetry, that is something I would prefer to leave to the literati to wrangle over, rather than try to make a decision myself.

I am deeply disturbed by one point of view which you and Mr. Hillyer seem to share, and that is that poetic quality must somehow pass a political test. In my many years of study and teaching in the field of political science I came to regard a political test for art and poetry as a sign of dictatorial, illiberal, undemocratic approach to matters of the mind. The alternative attitude is not necessarily the separation of art from life, or of form from substance. I think you really ought to admit that the principal charge you wish to bring against Mr. Pound's poetry is not that it is

form divorced from substance or art divorced from life, but that it is a kind of substance and preaches a view of life which you do not like. I do not like them either. But the question of whether Pound's poetry is art, whether it is *good* poetry, is a different question. As to that question, my answer is also negative, but as I have said already, I do not feel that it would be proper for me to override the judgment of persons in whose competence I have confidence, and who were charged with responsibility to make the judgment.

—Luther H. Evans,
Librarian of Congress.
Washington, D. C.

A Reply to Mr. Evans

We were well aware that we were heading into a storm when we published Robert Hillyer's two articles and our supporting editorial on the U. S. Library of Congress-Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound for "The Pisan Cantos" as the highest achievement of American poetry in 1948. Our objections were centered on the form and content of the poetry itself, as well as on the fact that Ezra Pound had been under indictment for treason and had been declared insane. More specifically, we objected to the name of the American Government, through the Library of Congress, being attached to an award which was as much an insult to good taste as it was to the basic values of a democratic people.

There are major and minor issues involved in Mr. Evans's reply for the Library of Congress. Perhaps the most important issue of all involves the familiar argument that art must be kept separate from politics. It is made to appear that *SRL* has ignored this most sacred of all critical canons in opposing the award to Pound. Indeed, Pound's defenders hold their ground on the art-for-art's sake principle. Such being the case, *SRL* is anxious to meet this particular issue head-on. Certainly, we do not believe that candidates for poetry awards must "somehow pass a political test," to use Mr. Evans's phrase. But while one must divorce politics from art, it is quite another matter to use the word "politics" as a substitute for values. We do not believe, in short, that art has nothing to do with values. We do not believe that what a poet says is necessarily of lesser importance than the way he says it. We do not believe that a poet can shatter ethics and values and still be a good poet. We do not believe that poetry can convert words into maggots that eat at human dignity and still be good poetry. We do not believe that the highest function of art is to deny and corrupt the values which make art possible.

It is impossible to conceive of "The Pisan Cantos" as the winner of this Congressional award without being concerned with the writer and his beliefs. Great art owns principles that are ordered and founded on some form of mental integrity based on truths that have been a part of the human consciousness since man began to record his thoughts and state his beliefs in the relationship between man and nature. We cannot accept Pound's totalitarian ravings as evidence of his genius. The occasional flashes of inspiration in "The Pisan Cantos" from Mr. Pound's past, the few stanzas that were intelligible did not give to this volume the right to be called the finest contribution to American poetry of last year. If pressed for our own nominations there are at least three poets whose books in 1948 seem to us worthy of the Bollingen Prize: Mark Van Doren, Peter Viereck, and Archibald MacLeish.

To be sure, insanity and inhuman ideas are not unknown in poetry; but we do not agree that they are inherently a part of it. That Mr. Pound is insane and that he has been a traitor to the United States does not add luster to his verse. Nor is incomprehensibility, on which poetry's new priesthood depends for its claims to omniscience, a virtue in itself. We believe that the average established critic of poetry, the vast majority of our poets, and the readers who once found relief and joy in poetry will agree with Robert Hillyer's pronouncement that "The Pisan Cantos" are so disordered as to make the award seem like a hoax. We also believe that the award seems to make fools out of the American people who love poetry, and out of the Library of Congress, which appeared to be placed by its Fellows in American Letters in the position of having to disagree with an award made in its name.

Mr. Evans says that he personally regards the choice of "The Pisan Cantos" as "unfortunate," and offers his own view that it was "hardly poetry at all." He believes, however, that it was hardly his function as Librarian of Congress to impose his own views on the Fellows of the Library of Congress who made the selection. We agree. We did not suggest that Mr. Evans should have substituted his own judgment for that of the Fellows. Once the Fellows made their selection, the fat was in the fire. We insist however that once the name of the Library of Congress *was* attached to the award it could not avoid responsibil-

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ity. If the award was to have been an independent one, having nothing to do with a Government agency, then care should have been taken to dissociate the agency both from the committee making the award and from the award itself. But the U. S. Library of Congress cannot sponsor such an award as an integral part of its activities and then abruptly disclaim responsibility at the first sign of a fight.

Mr. Evans is a gifted and valuable administrator of what is perhaps the greatest library in the world. He is universally liked by his associates. It is no disparagement of Mr. Evans to suggest that he may not have been aware at the time that the Fellows were landing the Library on top of a powder keg. Complicated problems of modern art and its attendant criticism were involved, apart from Pound's treasonable activities, his insanity, the character of the jury, or the award itself, or any of the other issues that have been brought up in retaliation. They concern, as Mr. Evans has said, art and politics, and beyond that the control of poetry and the other arts by small groups of the elite who now have the power to pronounce judgment, to confound our intelligence, and to give the nation's highest cultural awards.

One of the sentences in Mr. Evans's letter reads: "It is of no service to American culture to make an ill-founded attack upon the effort made by this great institution [The Library of Congress] to enrich the life of the people." Our answer is that when a committee of the Library not only does not enrich the life of the people, but actually damages cultural values, we have the right of protest.

—H. S.
—N. C.

TWO STATEMENTS

SINCE the publication of "Treason's Strange Fruit," by Robert Hillyer (*SRL* June 11) the editors have received a request for correction and clarification from the Bollingen Foundation:

> Readers of Mr. Hillyer's article might come away with the impression that the Foundation was responsible, in part at least, for the selection of Ezra Pound's "The Pisan Cantos" as winner of the Bollingen-Library of Congress Award in poetry. While Bollingen Foundation spokesmen acknowledge that no such specific statement is made by Mr. Hillyer, it is important that no doubt be left in the minds of *SRL* readers concerning the fact that the relationship between the Bollingen Foundation and the Bollingen-Library of Congress poetry awards was confined to the original endowment for the prize, which, through courtesy, bears the name of the Foundation. But the Foundation was in no way responsible for the choice of the Fellows in American Letters of the Library of Congress who make the awards, or for the awards themselves. With the donation of the funds, the Foundation's connection with the matter ended. The Foundation did not know that Pound was being considered for the prize until the jury announced its choice. The Foundation had neither the right of selection nor of veto.

The Saturday Review accepts the foregoing as a correct and complete statement of the facts.

ALSO in connection with Mr. Hillyer's article, we received a friendly visit from Kyrill Schabert and Kurt Wolff, the executive officers of Pantheon Books, Inc., who took exception to Mr. Hillyer's statement: "Through the generosity of Paul Mellon, the Bollingen Foundation supports the Pantheon Press, a publishing house which issues many outpourings of the new estheticism, the literary cult to which T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound are gods."

We learned that Pantheon Books, Inc., is in no manner supported or controlled by Bollingen Foundation. Pantheon Books is an independent corporation and is not subsidized by the Bollingen Foundation. It does, however, manufacture, distribute, and announce in its catalogs the Bollingen Series, published for the Bollingen Foundation, Inc., which is supported by Paul Mellon. Any inference that the Bollingen Series was in any other way related to Pantheon Books, Inc., is incorrect. A careful examination of the list of books published by Pantheon reveals no work of the nature suggested in Mr. Hillyer's article.

Fairness dictates a retraction, which the editors and Mr. Hillyer are glad to make.

—THE EDITORS.

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

Robert Browning: "One Way of Love"

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside, Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Treason's Strange Fruit"

SIR: Never was I prouder of having been a subscriber of and to the *Saturday Review of Literature* since its founding than I was upon receiving and reading the issue of June 11, 1949. Robert Hillyer's article, "Treason's Strange Fruit," and your splendid editorial satisfy my very soul. The Bollingen Committee Award to Ezra Pound amazed and incensed both faculty and students of the Division of Humanities of this college.

EVELYN NEWMAN,
Colorado State College,
Greeley, Colo.

SIR: Wonderful! It is a rare thing when I find myself in complete agreement with almost every word in any given article; and, yet, this is the case with both your editorial and Mr. Hillyer's piece. When Fascism, obscenity, incomprehensibility, and mental droppings are rewarded and praised here, it is high time we hit back.

MYRON EMANUEL.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Congratulations on the *SRL* stand. The Bollingen Award to Pound is a disgrace to American letters.

JEAN FRANKEN.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: I'm just a housewife subscriber to *SRL*, but this Ezra Pound case has me incensed. I just sent off a letter to Senator Vandenberg to say so.

ADA M. WANTY.
Milan, Mich.

SIR: May the revolution you have begun with your indictment of the poetry cartel that for these long, long years has lorgnetted us into insignificance be gloriously consummated! Surely, in the arts—especially in poetry—we have a right to request that genius serve mankind in general and that it not be reserved for the delectation of a closed circle of cold-blooded expatriates and men without countries, without race, without humanity. Let us be done with nightmares and viscera.

F. LEIGHTON PETERS,
Cedar Crest College.
Allentown, Pa.

SIR: You have said everything many of us have been thinking for a long time, and you have said it far better. However, there is one conveyer of this "super-snob" culture which you omitted to mention—the university. Too many sensitive young writers are turned into T. S. Eliot parrots by our universities, mouthing his thoughts, aping his style, applying his decadence as a yardstick to measure life. They acquire this superiority in colleges where English professors have made a fetish of Eliot, Auden, Pound, and complex gibberish in general, as well as fostering a contempt for the triteness of the American dream, American history, honest love of truth, and any adherence to the characteristic of common sense. This I know because I sat four years in classrooms of one of our "superior" private women's colleges and was prevented from being swept off in a wave of Eliot glory only by my own inability to comprehend what he and his contemporary "artful dodgers" had to say.

JEFF LAUNDERS.
Spencer, Iowa.

SIR: Congratulations on your powerful and courageous stand on the Bollingen Prize! It is for me a great day on which a magazine can challenge the forces of obscurity and darkness in high places. As you say very truly, art cannot be separated from life and attain true greatness. It must have meaning from the point of view of living values.

BURTON STONE.
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Robert Hillyer's article re the Ezra Pound award was a masterpiece of logic and argument in protest. The blame for this award ought to rest on the judges, who might have resigned rather than allow Eliot to dominate

Ezra Pound & the Bollingen Award

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Three weeks ago* SRL *published the first of two articles by the Pulitzer-Prize-winning poet Robert Hillyer, protesting the* 1948 *Bollingen Award, which in the name of the Library of Congress bestowed an accolade on a man who had propagandized for the Axis during the war. In the same issue* The Saturday Review *gave its full support to the stand taken by Mr. Hillyer in his article "Treason's Strange Fruit." Hillyer's attack was manifold. It dealt with politics, esthetics, and morals. Its terms of reference were sometimes historical, sometimes critical, sometimes merely polemical. We knew that so controversial a subject, treated in Mr. Hillyer's forthright, many-faceted manner, would occasion comment. But we were quite unprepared for the amount of correspondence which his article has provoked.*

A cross-section of that correspondence is printed on this and the following page. Our incoming mail shows a great preponderance of correspondents agreeing wholeheartedly with Mr. Hillyer's stand. Despite the fact that the pro letters outnumber the con letters by a ratio of seven to one, we plan to give equal space to those correspondents who take issue with Mr. Hillyer. This is done so that all sides to this controversial question may find expression. In general the concentration has been on those letters which propound a distinct point of view. We have minimized the scores of letters which simply offer congratulations.

"You're not doing a Double-Crostic after I've just straightened out the bookcase?"

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the jury. Mrs. FDR protested discrimination of Marian Anderson and thereby resigned from the DAR, winning many converts to the cause of tolerance. The judges, had they all dissented, could have revealed the enormous possibilities of free men to enlarge horizons, inform intellectuals, stimulate aspirations, and make life more worth the living.

ANNE C. LEVIN.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: The thousands of poets who are disgusted with the high-handed manner and the sinister philosophy of the "new criticism" group will back you up in this attack. Blow the lid off while you are at it. More power to you.

DAVID RUSSELL,
Poetry Society of Texas.

Dallas, Tex.

SIR: I dislike feeling ashamed of my Government—in this measure I am both angry and humiliated.

MARY BLANKENHORN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Congratulations on your courageous stand on the matter of the Pound award. I teach in a small Midwest high school, but even my pupils asked me about how such an award could be made. What could I say? It didn't sound sensible, but of course I didn't have any data. I wish you complete success in your efforts to make our country's acts and ideals more nearly compatible.

EDITH DEL HOPKINS.

Connersville, Ind.

SIR: I wish you could get a larger audience for Mr. Hillyer's article and your accompanying editorial.

MRS. ALFRED W. BRIGGS.

Madison, Wis.

SIR: Robert Hillyer has securely nailed the Pound hide on the barn door and a nice collection of other hides. You have laid bare a major scandal in American letters. That the deal is tied in with the honorable name of the Library of Congress gives the Pound episode the stature of a national disgrace. To name the award Bollingen in loving memory of the home of a Hitler worshipper was the initial insult to America and all that America stands for—the nation, the institutions, the hopes, ideals, and sacrifices. To hand the parchment to Pound was the second insult—Pound, a Mussolini worshipper, a worker in the Mussolini vineyard, violently anti-American. The third insult lay in the very nature of the honored "poem." It is enough.

I think more highly of *SRL* than ever before.

LOUIS BLAKE DUFF.

Welland, Can.

SIR: I admire your courage in publishing this article and your editorial on the same subject. Being a lawyer I appreciate the risk involved. I can scarcely believe that you will be attacked, but if you should be I want to say that I shall be happy to contribute, on request from you, what to me would be a substantial sum to a defense fund for use as you may see fit. I am sure also that you will receive like assurances from a great many of your readers. Certainly that will be true if it becomes necessary, or you think it advisable, to make a direct appeal to your readers.

PAUL B. HEFLIN.

Streator, Ill.

SIR: It is a great pleasure to know that at least one recognized gentleman of letters has the guts to puncture the balloon myth about T. S. Eliot, and Mr. Hillyer will no doubt have epithets of "sour grapes" hurled at him because he has dared to mar the heretofore sacrosanct name of Eliot.

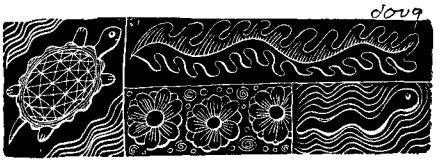
PAULINE JARET.

Long Beach, Calif.

SIR: "Treason's Strange Fruit" is undoubtedly a distressing violence to good manners; it is also, I believe, an evil and dangerous corruption of the critical office. As an essay in unreason, it is a disservice to American letters and a demagogic threat to a number of innocent people.

HAYDEN CARRUTH,
Editor, *Poetry*.

Chicago, Ill.



SIR: What is behind Hillyer's charge that the "Bollingen jury . . . defied all critical standards"? Are Mr. Hillyer's standards the only valid ones? Should no one be allowed to disagree with him?

In making such a fuss over the obviously unimportant name of the award is Hillyer merely adding one more emotional cloud with which to cover his logical argument? Is he suggesting that Paul Mellon, the Fellows, and the officials of the Library of Congress are all die-hard Nazis? Or what?

Why does Hillyer find it necessary to inject his opinions about Jung, T. S. Eliot, the "new estheticism," and Miss Esther Harding into an article on another subject?

Does Hillyer really believe the readers of *SRL* are the kind to react favorably to irrelevant emotional camouflage and ferocious dogmatism?

DALE E. WRETLIND.

Bryan, Tex.

SIR: Such inane, unthinking, childishly emotional flag-waving has no more relation to true patriotism than have fifth-grade "compositions" to Tolstoy! . . . From our magazines we expect a specific slant, according to the magazine. We didn't think to find Pegler in *The Saturday Review*!

NIKKI BROHMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: One of my strongest objections to both of Mr. Hillyer's articles is his use of loaded words such as democracy and freedom, anti-Semite and Fascism. Frankly he reminds me of the ravings of the Hearst newspapers, whose outbursts have been so common in our century. Much of what Mr. Hillyer has said in his references to our American veterans strikes me as so much dripping sentimentality employed strictly to back his own opinions without his caring very much about them really. Certainly some of these references were valid but I feel he grossly overdid them. His blasts against T. S. Eliot strike me as more emotionally tinged than intellectually honest. He might do well to read Eliot's "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture," if he has not already done so, or any competent text on sociology before attempting to employ the word culture in such sweeping generalities. Both of his articles attempt to strangle democracy with a warped conception of democracy—a typical Fascist method used in their propaganda. I suggest that Mr. Hillyer examine himself more closely before he blindly smashes at an authoritarianism he does not fully understand. Perhaps T. S. Eliot has overawed with an "art for art's sake titivated with plumes of voodoo jargon," but Mr. Hillyer has utterly failed to overawe with his own peculiar brand of scholasticism.

RICHARD H. BOGGS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Regardless of what anyone thinks of the politics of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, *et al*, it is at least honest to admit that these were not afraid to act as individuals, that their influence for the most part and in the long run has certainly been for the good, very much for the good, of poetic art. Any person who does not admit this refuses to admit the truth.

Don't you people at *SRL* feel a little silly castigating individuals on one page and on the very next printing a fine review of George Orwell's book ["Nineteen Eighty-Four"] which cries out against the anti-individual mechanistic society?

Incidentally, since you've implied a certain disrespect for those you call expatriates, stop and think for a moment of all the great individuals who have been expatriates.

CHARLES L. BALDWIN, JR.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The prize was for poetry, not economics, political science, or patriotism; and the question would seem to be, not is the man a Fascist, but is he a poet? Mr. Hillyer goes to excessive lengths to discredit Pound, the award, the judges, and (what would seem a little irrelevant) the works of the judges. When he comes to the critical question, just how good—as poetry—are "The Pisan Cantos" themselves, he mainly (besides stating his unfavorable personal opinion) belabors their offensive political overtones some more. Does Mr. Hillyer intend to claim that good poetry can only be written by a good democrat about democratically acclaimed ideals and emotions?

Personally, I am willing to admit that a person whose ideals I abhor may write poetry I don't understand that can still be great poetry. I don't claim to know if Ezra Pound has done it in "The Pisan Cantos." A number of men whose names I happen to recognize say he has. One man whose name I don't happen to recognize says he hasn't, and that he is a stinker, and that the other men are stinkers,

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too. My respect for Mr. Hillyer's judgment on the "Cantos"—which may, for all I know about poetry, be quite valid—is not increased by the fact that he seems to be using this opportunity to further a personal and professional feud.

As long as I can believe that my Library of Congress will conscientiously reward the merit of any poetry as poetry, without regard to its political desirability or that of its author, I will feel that my democracy is in good enough shape to stand a few Ezra Pounds, prizewinners or not.

DONALD HAMILTON.

Annapolis, Md.

SIR: As the most damaging evidence of T. S. Eliot's anti-Semitism, Hillyer offers a singularly unimpressive statement presented completely out of context from an address delivered seventeen years ago.

As for the accompanying editorial, you really didn't have to waste your time denouncing Mr. Auden for the thoughts on censorship he cribbed directly from Plato. And your chief objection to awarding Pound the Bollingen Prize (the fact that it is in some way connected with the Library of Congress) is, in a democracy, untenable. Even if the prize were sponsored jointly by the Department of State and the FBI, the fact that it is awarded for the "highest achievement" in poetry, and not the most patriotic achievement or the most innocuous achievement, means that it is legitimately liable to be won by a Communist, a "new esthete," or, as in the case of Pound, a Fascist and anti-Semite judged insane.

It is of course quite possible that Messrs. Auden, Tate, Eliot, Lowell, Aiken, and the rest are not fit for their role as judges (who are, by the way?). But this is a question of critical competence; and such outbursts as "a permanent disgrace [which] cannot be expunged" and "a scandalous thing . . . done in the name of my [Hillyer's] Library of Congress" are in this connection perfectly absurd. If our Republic is really rocked to its foundations by awarding Pound, then we had all better abandon it immediately.

JOSEPH H. LEDERER.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Robert Hillyer and *SRL* are to be congratulated on the temperance and restraint with which they have attacked T. S. Eliot. They might have said that he is also anti-Irish, anti-New England, anti-, anti-, anti-. If they have said that he is a Fascist, they might have said that he is a Christian or, worse yet, an Anglo-Catholic. Readers of Eliot must indeed be grateful to Mr. Hillyer, for he always gives us the more difficult insights. Perhaps the pentecostal dove which Eliot saw on his fire-watches in the late war was really an eagle. No doubt Mr. Hillyer feels that Eliot is even anti-poet, but he is too modest to say so, at least in so many words. After Mr. Hillyer has finished Eliot, he might complete his exposé on one of Eliot's masters—say Dante.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON,
University of Chicago.

Chicago, Ill.

NEW EDITIONS

THE Oxford University Press is planning to do well by Anthony Trollope. Indeed, it is planning to do very well, as anyone may see for himself by examining the first title of the Oxford Illustrated Trollope, Crown Edition, which is beginning to appear under the general editorship of Michael Sadleir and Frederick Page. The editors have chosen to start with the Parliamentary, or "Palliser Novels"—which some of us rank quite as high as the more popular Barchester series—and this means, of course, that the initial title is "Can You Forgive Her?" (2 vols. $8.50), in which we first become intimate with that remarkably matched couple Lady Glencora and Plantagenet Palliser, whose domestic and political careers loom large in "Phineas Finn," "The Eustace Diamonds," "Phineas Redux," "The Prime Minister," and "The Duke's Children." That "Can You Forgive Her?" is far from the best of its group is generally agreed. In it Trollope combines his narrative elements less skilfully than in many of his other novels; Alice Vavasor's changes of heart are less understandable and less appealing than those of some other heroines; the widow Greenow is notoriously out of key; the machinations of Lady Monk are subject to at least mild disbelief; and George Vavasor's swift moral descent is, to me anyway, more diabolical than credible. But "Can You Forgive Her?" shows us Glencora in the wildness of her youth, when it is still almost possible for her to elope with Burgo Fitzgerald; it shows us Palliser at the beginning of his admirable career as a selfless public servant; and it shows the two of them together, in the first stages of the intertwined character development through which we are to follow them with mounting pleasure. This is not only enough: it is much. Trollope was right when he prided himself on the creation and management of Glencora and Planty Pall. Their story is —to use a word that has, I am afraid, been overworked in our day—his most mature achievement.

"Can You Forgive Her?" sets the standard for this new edition by being beautifully printed, well bound, and delightfully illustrated (by Lynton Lamb); Mr. Sadleir supplies a general introduction and Sir Edward Marsh a judicious preface; there are some notes and a who's who of characters by R. W. Chapman, and the text is a product of the best efforts of the best Trollopian scholarship. In short, the Oxford Trollope promises to be the perfect library edition—for those who can afford it.

ONE of the most unfailing books of reference—and one of the best for browsing—that has come my way in a long time is "A Catholic Dictionary" (Macmillan, $5), edited by Donald Attwater. This volume is fairly described by its editor as "a general work of reference to the signification of the words, terms, names, and phrases in common use in the philosophy, dogmatic and moral theology, canon law, liturgy, institutions, and organization of the Catholic Church," designed "with particular regard to the requirements of Catholic lay people and with the hope of being useful to non-Catholic journalists and general inquirers." The non-Catholic is warned against trying to construct a "complete statement or picture of Catholicism" from the dictionary's multitudinous entries, and is assured that no one who is outside the Church can ever really understand the Catholic religion. Nevertheless, Mr. Attwater has provided the industrious non-believing student with remarkable assistance towards such understanding. The mere browser may discover only such facts as that Xylopolitanus is the Latin epithet for the bishop of Boise City, Idaho; but some readers who come to browse will remain to read.

Ferdinand Gregorovius's "Lucrezia Borgia" (Phaidon-Oxford Press, $2.50) is a careful study of the notorious lady's life, family, and times—when "human passions threw off every restraint"—which shows her as a true child of her age, and a tool of her kin, but not the monster of legend. This charming edition is valuable for the massed illustrations which assist the learned author in depicting the world in which Lucrezia's drama was acted.

"Canada," by André Siegfried (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.50) is a clear analysis of Canada's place in the world, which combines professorial accuracy with journalistic verve. . . . Mark down "The Seven Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor" (Mardrus-Mathers translation) as one of the smaller, and one of the most attractive, Heritage books ($5).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Personal History.

Of the biographies reviewed here, three should prove especially attractive to readers of books that stirred more than routine interest in the recent past. Irving Stone's 1947 *novel, "Adversary in the House," dealt with the career of the Socialist leader Eugene Debs, concentrating on his domestic life. Raymond Ginger's "The Bending Cross" is a judicious, full-length portrait that promises to be one of* 1949's *most distinguished biographies. Frank Gilbreth, Jr.'s and E. G. Carey's life-with-father-like "Cheaper by the Dozen," published early this year, is still a bookshop favorite. The Gilbreths, père and mère, outstanding Americans in their own right, are treated more formally in Edna Yost's "Partners for Life." And Americans who found Franz Schoenberner's* 1946 *"Confessions of a European Intellectual" an absorbing memoir will relish his "Inside Story of an Outsider."*

The Great American Socialist

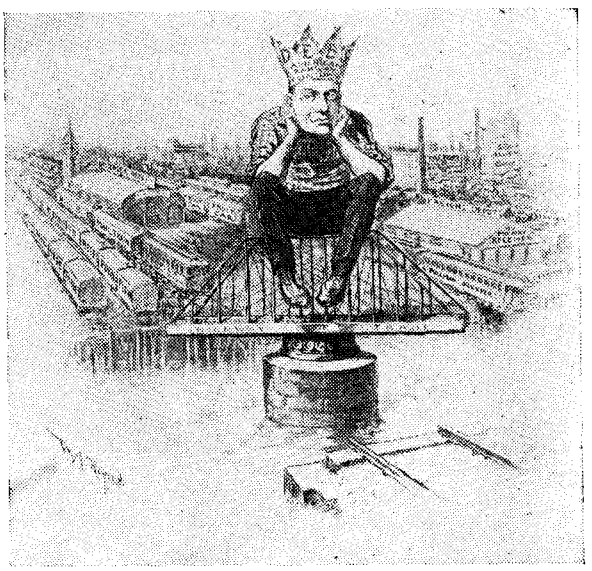
THE BENDING CROSS: A Biography of Eugene V. Debs. By Raymond S. Ginger. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 516 *pp.* $5.

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

GENE DEBS has long deserved this book. The great American Socialist has had an indifferent fate at the hands of history. His followers have made him the victim of a well-intentioned but mawkish hagiography, while conventional historians have mostly either gotten him or sentimentalized him out of all recognition into another warm-hearted Hoosier. Debs was a warm-hearted Hoosier all right, as he was also a justly idolized leader; but he was a Socialist too who had reached radical convictions through a long process of bitter experience, and he was above all a robust human being whose frailties only gave his courage and dedication a more heroic setting.

"The Bending Cross" (the title comes from Debs's cry in 1918 that the people should take heart "for the cross is bending, the midnight is passing, and joy cometh with the morning") is an extremely impressive, detailed, and vivid reconstruction of the life of Eugene V. Debs. I say "reconstruction" because Raymond Ginger has taken care to do what too many historians working in the modern period for some reason refrain from doing; that is, he has done leg work on his book. His sources have been not just magazines, newspapers, and personal papers, but he has turned to the people who knew Debs—neighbors, his Socialist co-workers, even fellow-inmates at the Atlanta penitentiary. The result of these interviews, when winnowed by a critical historian, is to give history the warmth, immediacy, and concreteness to make it come alive.

Ginger's reconstruction begins with the arrival of the Debs family in Terre Haute of the 1850's, and the birth of young Gene. His industrious research throws new light on Debs's early conservatism as an official in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; and he traces with fidelity the gradual transformation of the promising young labor bureaucrat first into a tough, radical trade-union leader, and then into a convinced and passionate Socialist. "The Bending Cross" then describes Debs's long service in the Socialist Party, his opposition to the First World War, his term at Atlanta, and finally his last years, the ailing chief of a broken party dying in the midst of Republican prosperity.



—*The Bettman Archive.*

As W. A. Rogers saw "King Debs"—"robust human being."

There are several controversial problems in a Debs biography, and Mr. Ginger handles them nearly all with tact and objectivity. Some of Debs's close friends, for example, have greatly resented Kate Debs, his faithful but somewhat reserved and occasionally exacting wife. Mr. Ginger gives what seems to me an entirely just picture of Kate Debs, conceding the difficulties her fastidious temperament created, but also recalling the great and loyal contributions she made to her husband's service in the Socialist cause as well as the unsatisfactory home life his career imposed upon her. "The Bending Cross" handles the tense relations between Kate and Gene's adoring brother Theodore with equal good judgment. The problem of Gene's occasional drinking sprees is also put in its proper proportion.

The only serious doubts arise over Mr. Ginger's treatment of Debs's attitude toward the split in the Socialist Party after the Russian Revolution. Debs actually said much harsher things about the American Communist Party, for example, than "The Bending Cross" bothers to repeat. Indeed, in a curious passage, Mr. Ginger has Debs in his plea before the jury at Canton, Ohio, in 1918 mention not only Lenin and Trotsky but Stalin as the leaders of the Russian Revolution. If Debs in Ohio in September 1918 had ever heard of Stalin, his was a prescience rare indeed. But these items seem to represent slips on the author's part, rather than any subterranean drift of the book.

It is not Mr. Ginger's purpose to inquire into the larger problems of Socialism in the United States. But "The Bending Cross" will be an indispensable document for the student who tries to understand why the American Socialist Party had 118,000 dues-paying members in 1912, including a thousand public office-holders, why it polled almost six per cent of the vote in the 1912 election (more than twice as much as Henry Wallace polled in 1948), and why it has gone steadily down hill ever since 1912. Certainly the superb personality of Eugene Debs is an important factor in the answer to this question. Mr. Ginger has restored that personality to this generation in one of the distinguished biographies of the year.

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Confessions Continued

THE INSIDE STORY OF AN OUTSIDER. By Franz Schoenberner. New York: The Macmillan Co. 273 pp. $3.50.

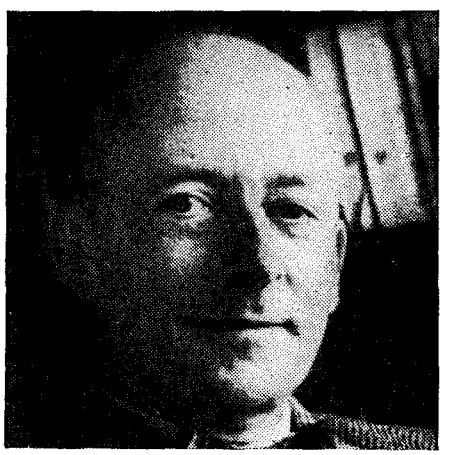
By HENRY B. KRANZ

THE last fifteen years have seen thousands of exiles in desperate flight streaming across borders. One of the wittiest among them is Franz Schoenberner, son of a German pastor, who became an American author at the ripe age of fifty. In "Confessions of a European Intellectual," published several years ago, a book filled with fascinating reminiscences and shrewd observations, Mr. Schoenberner told the story of his youth in Berlin, and of the political and intellectual life in Germany and Central Europe. As editor of the satirical Munich magazine *Simplicissimus* he met prominent writers, artists, and statesmen, and many of them became his friends. A born anti-militarist, he fought Hitlerism in his magazine with vigor, only to realize that even the liberals among his countrymen were either naive or lacking in any sort of fighting spirit, When Hitler came into power, Mr. Schoenberner escaped to France.

In "The Inside Story of an Outsider" he now relates how he spent six years of poverty at the French Riviera before he was interned when the war broke out; how he succeeded in reaching this country; and finally how he became an American writer although he knew little English when he landed in New York in 1941. More personal and less anecdotal, more moving and less entertaining than his first, Franz Schoenberner's new book is never disappointing because it is written with that caustic Gallic-like esprit that is now so rarely found.

André Gide, Mr. Schoenberner tells us, became one of his friends, when that great writer took a vivid interest in the plight of the German and Austrian intellectuals thrown by a blundering French bureaucracy into concentration camps. The author speaks with great admiration of Gide and with as much disdain of his fellow countrymen in exile, writers of fame, but, alas, not free of human weakness. Though he writes that he is "blessed with the mild compulsory neurosis of a born perfectionist," he, too, seems to have been somewhat infected with the disease raging in the camps of exiles of all times that has been called "refugee psychosis." For example, he accuses Erich Maria Remarque of having been silent about Nazi crimes until he wrote "Arch of Triumph." Actually Remarque, many years earlier, wrote "Flotsam," the powerful story of German refugees fleeing from the Gestapo. Mr. Schoenberner's political judgment, too, may be occasionally questioned. While working in the OWI as an editor he felt that "the sterile slogan 'unconditional surrender' was the unfortunate improvisation of a political genius momentarily misled by the fascination of an historical phrase." Historians have come to agree that there is no good reason to believe that the demand for unconditional surrender prolonged the war against Germany. The policy was formulated by all four Powers. It simply meant that the Allies were not prepared to make a negotiated peace with Nazism. There is furthermore no proof that the bombing of German cities, as Mr. Schoenberner tells us, stiffened rather than broke the resistance of the German people.

Disputed as some of these statements will remain, this reviewer would like to praise one of the chapters of the book as a minor classic. "How to Live Without Money" is not only a philosophically wise and sparklingly witty discussion of the value of money, or rather its valuelessness, but it is interspersed with brilliant historical and modern reminiscences and written in an ironic style worthy of a Heine. In it Mr. Schoenberner develops his theory of achieving happiness through poverty or in spite of it. He and his novelist wife cooked and baked bread for themselves, she sewed her own dresses, he learned weaving, preferring to remain true to their profession as writers to doing work they would have loathed. A writer, as seen by Mr. Schoenberner, has no choice if he is serious at all. He has to go on giving his testimony for and against his time, to be an incorruptible witness, to "speak the truth and nothing but the truth." This noble conviction not less than his humane wit should win the author many new friends.



—*Joseph Breitenbach.*

Franz Schoenberner: "Speak the truth and nothing but the truth."

Training a Prince

FRANCIS THE GOOD. By Walter Consuelo Langsam. New York: The Macmillan Co. 205 pp. $3.50.

By LEO GERSHOY

IN this, the first volume of a projected three-volume work, Dr. Langsam has written a soberly informative introductory study of a little known Hapsburg. His subject is a future emperor, born eldest son of Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany and nephew of the famous reforming Emperor Joseph II, whose own reign first as Francis II of the Holy Roman Empire and then as Francis I of Austria spanned more than four decades from the French Revolution to deep into the reactionary era of Metternich. What the author mainly treats here is the education to which Francis was submitted and his development from birth to the time that he himself was elected emperor in 1792.

The foreword explains the purpose and the point of view of the author, in public life the president of Wagner College and a well-known specialist on the period which he has studied at close range for many years. The broad, general intent is to correct a mistaken historical interpretation of Francis as a harsh and stupid reactionary who undid the achievements of his enlightened paternal and avuncular predecessors. The more specific purpose of the first volume is to show that in any case Francis was the product of the education that they imposed upon him. Presumably then, the evil he did would be in the nature of their posthumous handiwork. Whether or not Francis's worth has been established or reestablished is too soon to state: forty-three regnal years and two volumes still lie ahead. So far as the author's more particular point is concerned, he has more than made it: education lay heavily on boy and youth.

The first sixteen years in ducal Florence and the next eight years in imperial Vienna make up more than half of the volume. Much of the author's data, which is in the form of letters, reports, diaries, memoranda, comes from the archives. In most instances these impart freshness and vivacity to the narrative, with a suggestion of family intimacy. From time to time, not the musk of the court but the mustiness of the files emanates from them. If by themselves the details are not always engrossing, taken cumulatively they offer a revealing glimpse into eighteenth-century enlightened attitudes, *style royal*, on the upbringing and education of little princes. Whether Dr. Langsam in-

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tended it or not, one's sympathies, it must be confessed, are all with young Francis. The educational regimen relentlessly engulfed him in demanding familial love and devotion while simultaneously exposing him to lynx-eyed tutorial solicitude. During the first sixteen years, which were the hardest, he was reminded by word and in deed and by all concerned that he inherited with the royal purple a deep responsibility to God and nature, the interests of the state, and the deserving poor. While history, properly written and taught, instructed him by its examples, practice in the useful and manly arts fortified him in advance for the supreme sacrifice of deserving well of posterity. Only by the time the squad of educators had indoctrinated and shaped him, the lad was not a little mixed up.

So judged Emperor Joseph, when he summoned Francis to Vienna and proceeded, unwittingly but very characteristically and of course with high-principled zeal, to straighten him out by putting a benevolent strait-jacket over his nephew's heart and mind. He mapped out the youth's advanced curriculum for training in statecraft, initiated him systematically into the science of warfare, and, for reasons of state, married Francis off to a bride not of his own choosing. On Joseph's death Francis became free to receive final instruction under the new emperor, his own father; and in 1792, unremittingly trained, he assumed the imperial dignity in his own right. Dr. Langsam quotes him on this occasion as saying: "I am young and have so little experience." Here the author actually takes leave of the young ruler, though in two final sections he first imparts much valuable information on the state of the accession of Francis, and then discusses sympathetically the troubled prospect before him.

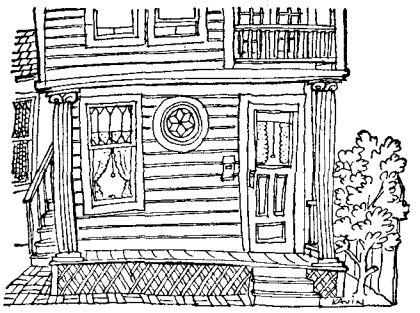
Lucid, erudite, and thorough are the words for this account. It will be hailed by everyone interested in the different aspects of the eighteenth century, and the succeeding volumes will be awaited with equal interest. One ventures a final observation. What the author gains by selection, he occasionally loses in precision by repeating illustrations of a given point. For non-specialist readers this kind of documentation encumbers the presentation. The general reader will be grateful in any case that the profuse and invaluable footnote and bibliographical references are all compactly bundled together at the end of the volume.

Leo Gershoy, professor of history at New York University, is author of "From Despotism to Revolution."

Personal History Notes

FRANK AND LILLIAN GILBRETH: PARTNERS FOR LIFE, by Edna Yost. Rutgers University Press. $5. This is a more formal history of the hero and heroine of "Cheaper by the Dozen." The latter narrative, it may be unnecessary to point out, is the story of the Gilbreths, father, mother, and twelve children, as told by two of the twelve. The present account (which is not a quickie inspired by the more hilarious story, but a well-documented, perceptive study) is the work of a friend who collaborated with Mrs. Gilbreth and who is herself a trained writer on scientific subjects and personalities. Frank Gilbreth's absorption in motion studies and related aspects of industrial engineering was shared by his wife, who, herself a Ph.D. in psychology, was able to bring to his work a technical competence in collaboration unusual in the marital partnership. Following Mr. Gilbreth's death in 1924, Mrs. Gilbreth has continued his (and her) work with a distinction which is attested by honors and awards too numerous for citation here. These may have compensated in large part for the refusal by the doormen of two New York clubs to admit her to engineering meetings to which she had been invited. One involved a breakfast—that most inconvenient meal to be protocoled out of.

THE WOMAN WHO RANG THE BELL: The Story of Cornelia Phillips Spencer, by Phillips Russell. University of North Carolina Press. $5. Sherman's army didn't just march through Georgia—it also marched through the regime which took over the institution University of North Carolina. The new during reconstruction days was so effectively boycotted that by the spring of 1869 there were only three regular students. Not until 1875 did the state legislature authorize the reorganization of the university. When the news reached Chapel Hill, on March 20, a lady whose fiftieth birthday fell on that same day rushed to the South Building, climbed to the belfry, and rang the bell for victory. She was Cornelia Phillips Spencer, who had been born in the village of Harlem, New York, and taken to Chapel Hill a year later when her father was named professor of mathematics. Her services to the university in which she grew up, and which grew up around her, are set forth by Mr. Russell in a lively biography, with the lady herself supplying much of that liveliness in the copious passages which Mr. Russell has extracted from her journals. During the war—not *that* war—a Liberty ship was named in her



honor. There is an excellent selection of photographs, many of them then-and-now views.

JUNGLE WIFE, by Sasha and Edith Siemel and Gordon Schendel. Doubleday. $3.50. The Siemels were lucky—they spent the years from 1939 to 1947 "in the heart of the wild Mato Grosso, 500 miles upriver from Corumba, the nearest frontier town, 2,000 miles inland from Rio, and God knows how far from Philadelphia." A global war did not penetrate to the valley of the Upper Paraguay. Their account of their experiences is a factual counterpart of "The Swiss Family Robinson," without a shipwreck and without that scarcity of gadgets and that necessity for improvisation which have established the earlier saga as permanent reading. The Siemels hunted, explored, and raised three small children, one of whom was born on the premises. The story of their adventures is certainly an unusual addition to the literature of the safari, but it seems to be written on the theory that a narrative has to be heavily laced with dialogue in order to be exciting.

SAINT AMONG THE HURONS: The Life of Jean De Brebeuf, by Francis Xavier Talbot, S. J. Harper. $3.75. Jean de Brébeuf was born near St. Lô in Normandy in 1593 (his reputed birthplace was destroyed in the 1944 invasion) and came to New France in 1625. For the next twenty-four years he lived and worked among the Hurons in what is now Western Ontario, making converts, learning the language, writing it down, and living what at its best was a life of rigorous hardship. He was captured in an Iroquois raid in 1649 and put to death by torture only a few weeks after King Charles I of England had suffered a less painful extinction. Father Talbot's account is based principally on a detailed study of contemporary sources, notably the Jesuit Relations. He also explored thoroughly the area in which De Brébeuf labored so devotedly, but he modestly buries his findings from his on-the-ground investigations in the appended notes.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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THE FINE ARTS

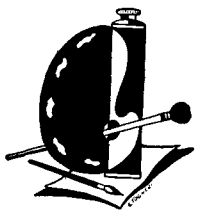
A GOING IN THE MULBERRY TREES

IT TAKES a miracle or a plague to inspire concerted action among the innumerable factions that comprise the American art world. We who live in that world have not yet seen a miracle; we probably never will. But most of us by now are aware that the arts in this country are in a fight for their life against a deadly virus—politico-esthetic censorship.

Once confined to Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, the germ has spread like wildfire in America since the recent war. Like all germs, this one has its own peculiarities of growth and behavior. It tends to incubate in the minds of disgruntled artists whom the inexorable sweep of public taste has left behind, neglected, bitter, vindictive, but still ambitious, and often highly placed. We know, for example, that in the USSR and in Hitler's Germany, certain academicians were the first to denounce the advanced art which had begun to flourish so impressively in those countries. But the opposition of reactionary artists was not in itself a dangerous matter. Rather, it was one of the hazards of the trade, and probably on the whole a beneficial one, provoking the moderns to greater effort, defining for them the things art could no longer say with integrity and pride. The danger came when the academic painters and sculptors, knowing that they were being trounced, called for help to those whose political power was real and growing. It was not an artist but a government functionary who bolted shut the doors of Moscow's remarkable vanguard art school, Vchutemas, in the early 1920's. The famous Munich exhibition of "degenerate" (*i.e.* "modern") art was finally ordered by Hitler or one of his underlings and not by one of the mediocre painters he preferred. The entire history of repression in the arts of our time has followed the same melancholy pattern: those who cannot create poison the minds of those who cannot understand; and art becomes merely something which the former can achieve, the latter accept.

The epidemic of reactionary censorship in America is, of course, nowhere nearly as grave as it has been in Germany and Russia. But it is getting worse every day. One of its most distressing manifestations has been the series of attacks on modern artists by Representative George A. Dondero, of Michigan, as reported in the *Congressional Record*.

The issue of March 11 of the *Record* carries a transcription of Representative Dondero's blast against a group of modern American painters who had generously lent their pictures to a privately-organized exhibition at the United States Naval hospital at St. Albans, New York. To begin with, Representative Dondero recalled that in 1947 the State Department had spent some $55,000 of the taxpayers' money for seventy-nine paintings "of so-called contemporary and modern art." He then reported that the paintings later had been withdrawn from tour due to unfavorable publicity and sold for a total sum of $5,544.25 "about 10 cents on the dollar for . . . the taxpayers' money." What Representative Dondero did not mention, however, is that the cancellation of the tour was vigorously protested abroad. Nor did he mention the special circumstances of the sale. Bids on the pictures were solicited by the War Assets Administration. The winning bids totaled $79,658.50—a a profit of almost $25,000 on the State Department's original investment. But under WAA regulations for the disposal of all surplus materials, a ninety-five per cent discount was given to tax-supported schools and museums. Furthermore, all bids had to be reasonable, that is, could not anticipate the ninety-five per cent discount, and priority was granted to those from veterans and from totally tax-supported institutions. Higher bids in many cases were rejected.



I mention the details of the sale at such length because Representative Dondero by leaving them out draws a completely unwarranted conclusion. "The Members of Congress should accept this basic truth," he said, "that radical, left-wing art cannot survive of itself. It does not have merit, and its creators do not have the real talent to cause sufficient demand for their product from the public . . . [They] are constantly scheming to get their hands on public funds, and even private philanthropies, in order to grow." The charge is patently absurd. As long ago as 1922 modern art came through the Kelekian sale with flying colors. Since that date the market for good examples of this sort of art has increased enormously, and today is stronger—and higher—than ever before.

Having tried to establish modern artists as a poor financial risk and as sychophants eager to bilk the Government, Representative Dondero proceeds to attack the St. Albans show on political grounds, describing its artists as left-wing propagandists hired to spread their message in a Federal institution. He goes on to cite their past activities and connections in an attempt to prove them Communists. I will not argue the artists' political records; I do not know enough about them; I do not consider it my responsibility as an art critic to know more. But I find it hard to believe that any of the painters accompanied their pictures to St. Albans "to spread their propaganda" or "to engage in espionage, if they were inclined to do so." If one were a spy, would a peacetime military hospital be a likely hunting ground? I should think not, especially considering that during the war great numbers of artists and craftsmen were used as therapists in Army and Navy hospitals all over the country. Representative Dondero's charge, at least by inference, is treasonable sympathy for Communism. I cannot help wondering what were the feelings of one of the St. Albans artists. Born in Russia, his family was ruined and persecuted by the Soviets during the Revolution, and he himself barely escaped alive.

On March 25, Representative Dondero returned to the attack, this time blasting the Artists Equity Association as a Communist-led organization. Again without attempting to examine the political beliefs of the painters cited, I should like to point out various absurdities in Representative Dondero's tirade. His statement that the great Armory Show of 1913 was "the first big blow directed at American art" is utter nonsense. It was this exhibition, more than any other, which made our painters and sculptors aware of the most advanced developments in European art; it acted as a tremendously effective catalytic here, and its inspirational benefits even now are by no means spent. What is far more serious, however, is Representative Dondero's erroneous assumption that "modern" art is synonymous with Communist art. "The veritable wave of would-be painters, sculptors with which America is drenched is directly traceable to the need of the Red culture group to create a numerically strong Communist art movement." But the fact is that

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modern art and Communist art are opposite things. The only painting and sculpture permitted in Soviet Russia is thoroughly realistic in style, and is concerned solely with nationalistic propaganda. In fact, with the substitution of the single word "rightists" for "leftists," the following statement by Representative Dondero might have been issued from the Kremlin: "Leftists in art have succeeded in lowering, and are attempting to break down the standards to which artists of the past adhered—to be worthy of the calling of art."

In this same issue of the *Congressional Record*, Representative Dondero warmed up to an accusation which he expanded on May 17. The art critics in America, he implied, are predominantly Marxist, and have consistently praised and promoted artists of extreme left-wing political inclination. "It is not my purpose," he added, "to suggest that newspapers should clap censorship on their art critics, but I do say that, if this condition of overemphasis and an attempt to glorify the vulgar, the distorted, and the perverted has come about due to neglect and lack of proper supervision, then it is high time that some of our newspapers start cleaning house in the smaller compartments of their organizations." And at this point let me quote from an excellent editorial by Peyton Boswell, editor of the *Art Digest*, which appeared in the June issue of that magazine. "Like hell Dondero doesn't want censorship! What else does he mean by 'proper supervision'? In other words, do as Hitler once did with 'degenerate' modern art and burned books, and as Stalin is now doing with the shipment of Zionist Jews to Siberia. You either write what the State demands under *proper supervision* or the State takes away from you, as a writer, your means of living by your profession."

Alfred Frankfurter, editor of *Art News*, has also protested editorially against Representative Dondero's crude and untenable attacks on modern artists. Indeed, almost the only encouraging factor in the current witch hunt is that it has united American art circles in protest as I have never seen them united before. Those of us who believe that freedom of expression is not a helpful condition but an absolute requirement of art *must* stand together against reactionary irresponsibility. "And let it be," according to the second book of Samuel, "when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself: for then shall the Lord go out before thee, to smite the host of the Philistines." —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Art Book Notes

ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN'S PIETA, by W. Vogelsang. Harper. $2.50. This volume inaugurates one of three new series of art books Harper is launching for the general reader. In all three the subjects, the text, format, and price have been so skilfully chosen that they should find a wide audience.

Mr. Vogelsang's book, the first in the "Form and Color Series," explores the "Pieta" of Van Der Weyden, which now hangs in the Royal Museum at The Hague. The entire painting is reproduced as a frontispiece; following it come six 10½"x13" pages which blow up details to the scale of the original in eight-color printing. Oddly and somewhat regrettably, a seventh detail is reproduced in less durable form on the dust cover. Dr. Vogelsang, formerly of the University of Utrecht, has supplied a lengthy descriptive text that for the most part eschews criticism and technical data.

GAINSBOROUGH, by Eric Newton. Harper. $2.50. The first volume in the new Masters of Painting Series provides a cross-section of Gainsborough's work through forty full-page plates, eight of which are in color. Following the traditional plan of art works intended for the lay public, it gives a fair sampling of the artist's "periods" and subjects in both paintings and drawings. The same pattern is followed in the accompanying text, tracing Gainsborough's life and work from beginning to end, neither dwelling too long nor delving too deeply. A ninth color reproduction, used to

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STAGE

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brighten the dust cover, unfortunately does not appear within the book itself.

ALBRECHT DURER DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS, by Edmund Schilling. Harper. $2.50. This handsome volume and the titles announced as forthcoming promise to make Harper's new Master Drawings Series one of the most satisfactory projects of its kind launched in a long time. We have never had enough books on the drawings of the old masters, especially at a price like this. Mr. Schilling's knowledge and critical judgment make the six pages of text pleasant and informative reading; the paragraphs of comment that accompany each reproduction are models of concise information. There are fifty black-and-white plates and a full color frontispiece of Dürer's famous "Hare," each an entire page in size. The latter is a fine example of the excellent engraving and printing currently being done in Switzerland.

THE DRAWINGS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH, by A. P. Oppe. Phaidon. $7.50. This is a welcome volume because, although reproductions of Hogarth's prints and paintings have been generally available, his drawings have been rather hard to come by. Relatively few drawings are extant and these are scattered through many collections, some of them not open to the public. Indeed, one group of his drawings here reproduced have been in the hands of one family since they were acquired from the artist's widow 175 years ago.

Because many of Hogarth's drawings were preparations for the engraved plates that are familiar to us, they throw new light on the way the artist worked, in some cases tracing his progress through several stages. Mr. Oppe's introduction and analytical catalogue of 110 entries, the products of painstaking research and sound scholarship, are an invaluable contribution to Hogarthiana. There are ninety-one plates and fifty additional illustrations distributed through the text.

DEGAS, GEORGE GROSZ. Paul L. Baruch. $3.95 *each.* Uniform in format and editorial approach, these volumes each offer about thirty black-and-white reproductions, with no text other than a short biographical sketch by Walter Mehring. The pages are printed on one side only and are held together by a spiral binding made of plastic that permits the individual reproduction to be removed without damage to either page or book.

—L. R. SANDER.

The Film Forum

POSTWAR CHILDREN

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At last, from among the dozens of films on the grim problems of postwar rehabilitation, come two films which are both realistic and hopeful. There have been many films showing the physical needs of Europe's children—for food, clothing, and shelter. And Americans for the most part have been willing and eager to help provide them with these material necessities of living. But audiences didn't want to look at the films. Too pitiful and too hopeless, they said. As a result, in one film library after another these films have sat on the shelves because they were too depressing. The two films reviewed below are concerned primarily with emotional and spiritual needs. Audiences will find themselves deeply stirred by both films, and left with the feeling that something is being done to help solve these problems, and that even more can be done.*

TOMORROW'S A WONDERFUL DAY

Produced by Hadassah, Women's Zionist Organization of America. Available from Hadassah Film Library, 13 E. 37th St., New York, N. Y., and also from Children to Palestine, 1819 Broadway, New York, N. Y. (48 min.)

This is the story of a fifteen-year-old displaced boy named Benjamin, who last saw his mother when he was seven and who long ago forgot how to read and write. He has arrived at Ben Shemen, a children's village in Palestine, along with dozens of other displaced children. Most of the new arrivals are younger than Benjamin, and they seem to disappear into the community. But not Benjamin, who has spent most of his life in fear, resentfulness, and loneliness. Why should he change now? And why should he work in the fields, which only remind him of freshly dug graves? Why should he play, when the fences prove to him that this is merely another kind of concentration camp?

When Benjamin first sees Miriam he begins to see the way back to life. Miriam is pretty, a warm and smiling girl of about his own age. The film sensitively shows us his feelings, and the girl's charming response without straining or belittling an adolescent attraction of this kind. Benjamin does of course learn to work with the others in the fields, to enjoy the present and forget the past. And finally, during a religious ceremony which he has been selected to lead, Benjamin is able to tell himself: "I who have known the dark ways of men am now a bearer of light."

The film is essentially such a fine one that it is unpleasant to have to recall its many shortcomings. It seems that in remaking the film for American audiences some of the episodes have been assembled more with a view to including them all rather than to attaining a smooth flow of ideas. Some of the scenes of Benjamin's inner conflicts and isolation are overly dramatized. But the greatest fault of all, one which is being made much too often these days, is the overloading of the sound track. There are several scenes in this film in which every detail, every thought, and problem are explained, leaving no mental margin with which one can look at the pictures or have a thought of one's own.

These are defects, but the film essentially is a good one. It tells of some of the really important work being conducted in Palestine by trained specialists and by the children themselves. Printed material giving the history of this exceptional children's village is also available, from both Hadassah and Children to Palestine.

A PENNY'S WORTH OF HAPPINESS

Produced by Roger Leenhardt. American adaptation by Julian Roffman. Available from A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (13 min.)

This too is an American remake of a foreign film, and like "Tomorrow's a Wonderful Day," it is disjointed in spots. But its exceptionally good photography and its sensitively subordinate, spoken commentary more than make up for it.

The films tell of a child-welfare program which provides four-month vacations in Switzerland for thousands of children from war-torn Europe. Some of the children go to hospitals, where we see them receiving medical attention. Some go into Swiss homes, where they can enjoy the tenderness and comfort of happy family life. But their stay is so brief, so needed, and so enjoyed that it seems cruel to have to face the time for leaving.

The vacation is over, the film says, but this is not the end. From their new experiences the children will take home with them the spirit of love and happiness with which to remake their own lives.

As is often the case in films about children, there are many delightful shots of activities and faces. One outstandingly beautiful scene occurs at the end of the film—an aged woman in black waiting at the train depot for her boy to return, the emotional tension in their embrace, and the final shot of the two slowly walking away toward the rubble-piled town which is their home.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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SOVIET SATELLITES

(*Continued from page 13*)

learned then must be applied now, when Soviet aims in Asia are even more extensive than those of the Czars had ever been.

The geopolitical approach is a suggestive one, for it appears to give integration to events which do not seem of one piece. It has the additional merit of calling attention to the importance of central Asia, an area which has been much neglected by scholars. However, Dallin's approach, despite its advantages, has resulted in the forcing of facts into preconceived molds, and in the generous application of hindsight. But, by indicating the existence of long-range factors, he has revealed many areas of continuity in Russian foreign policy.

"The Rise of Russia in Asia" is an important work. Little of a reasonably popular and yet authoritative nature on Russia in Asia has appeared in English before this publication. Yakhontoff's "Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East" (1932) and Lobonov-Rostovsky's "Russia and Asia" (1933) are useful but skimpy. Dallin bases his writing on a vast amount of research among published materials in the European languages. The result is a volume of high scholarship. It must be noted, however, that, although the range of his study was wide, it might have been wider. Some sources of information which are pertinent to the subject and available in this country are not in evidence. Other sources which were employed were apparently not adequately tapped. But it may be carping to ask for more than has been done. What David J. Dallin has done is a major study on a subject whose immediacy is all too clear.

Middletown, Bulgaria

BALKAN VILLAGE. By Irwin T. Sanders. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press. 291 pp. $4.

By Robert Lee Wolff

MOST recent books dealing with the far-off European peoples about whom Neville Chamberlain knew so little have been written by journalists fresh from a brief sojourn in a Balkan capital, and are crammed full of political misinformation and economic nonsense. "Balkan Village" is a most welcome contrast: its author lived and worked in Bulgaria for three years (1929-32) before undertaking his book; he spent three more years (1934-37) on the ground doing his research; he returned after the war in 1945-46 to observe the changes which Communism had wrought. To his task he brings not only the professional training of a compete sociologist but a fluent speaking knowledge of Bulgarian, a readable English style, cool judgment, and a warm heart. This excellent case study of a single Bulgarian village tells us more about the Balkans than a dozen "popular" surveys of all Southeast Europe. It is illustrated with admirable photographs and includes as appendices a valuable series of special studies reprinted from professional journals.

Dragalevtsy, in 1934 a mountainside village of some 1,624 inhabitants, lies only about five miles from Sofia, capital of Bulgaria, but its conservative inhabitants were not much affected by the proximity of the big city. Professor Sanders introduces us to its people, artisan and peasant, and to its few members of the intelligentsia (mayor, priest, doctors, teachers), all born outside the village and serving as the agents of the regime, the church, and the national educational system. How the people build their houses, furnish their rooms, feed their fires, what they eat and drink, how children are born, and old people die: all this forms the theme of an early chapter, which tells us much of the superstitions associated with these fundamental human experiences. Another chapter tells of the land: the ploughing, the sowing, the reaping.

Here the author quietly conveys the genuine poetry of peasant life and labor, keyed to the weather and rooted in the soil. Yet the preference for easier work and the affection for money he found to be widespread, leading to quarrels over inheritances and over livestock. He shows how even the fairly primitive conditions of the 1930's marked an advance over the "good old days" of Turkish rule before 1878. Some of the elders remembered the *zadruga*, the large joint family community, which has now disappeared, with interesting consequences. Many of the people still looked with suspicion on politics and on those concerned in government.

The *sedenka*, or spining bee, is one of the chief opportunities for courtship; there are also the evening entertainments and the promenade; but bride-stealing is still practised occasionally. Chastity is highly regarded, although before a second marriage between a widow and widower the couple may live together. The wedding ceremony has about it much of primitive custom; and for the wife gossip is thereafter almost the only source of entertainment. She is full partner in the work of the household and farm, but she obeys her husband and is subservient to him. Divorce is almost unknown, mutual adjustment the usual thing. But by Western standards children are neglected.

Sanders saw Dragalevtsy during a period of transition between "familism," a way of life in which the family plays the major role in the community, and more modern social relations. Even in the cooperatives, however, family relations played a strong role. But the younger people were beginning to be more receptive to the ideas and practices of the "people of the world." For much of this gradual change in attitudes the Bulgarian national state was responsible, with its intrusion as recruiter of compulsory labor, its administration of justice, medicine, local politics, and education, and its draft for the army.

When the author returned in 1945-46 he found that the gift of Communism presented by the invading Red Army and by its Bulgarian agents had created severe factionalism, not only political but occupational, as the conservative peasant retained his dislike of being classified as a "worker," a member of the urban proletariat for whom he retained his traditional contempt and dislike. Peasant piety was resisting newer alien doctrines about religion.

In a simply written, cogent, and moving conclusion Sanders exercises the right he has so well earned: to generalize from the lessons of Dragalevtsy. He tells us that, while Russian influence may remain predominant in the Balkans, Communism is sure to be modified by the peasants themselves. He reminds us that foreign policy as made in Washington and Moscow affects the lives of millions of people not unlike his friends in Dragalevtsy. It is to be hoped every State Department official dealing with Eastern Europe, with Iran, with China, with Southeast Asia will read this book, and learn to know the peasant.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

LOW MAN ON THE BROW POLL

NOW that *Life* and *Harper's* editor Russell Lynes have contrived to categorize everyone according to the elevation of his brow, it ought to be a relatively simple process this year to decide where to go on your vacation. Just find your place on the culture chart and move out.

According to the *Life*-Lynes thrown to the public in a spring issue of the picture magazine, there are generally four kinds of Americans: high brows, upper middle brows, lower middle brows, and low brows. People dress, buy furniture, eat salads, drink alcohol, appreciate sculpture, play games, and pursue causes in a pattern of tastes. In the matter of entertainment for example, the h-b patronized the ballet, the upper m-b is mad for the theatre, the lower m-b is happy with a musical extravaganza film, and the l-b enjoys himself best when he is looking at a Western movie.

Extending the chart to include summer holidays, we think the low brow, wearing the "old Army clothes" awarded to him by *Life*, will relax with a hot dog at a place like Coney Island. He'll be able to drink beer, drop nickels into a juke box, lie out on the beach with a fresh copy of "Captain Marvel," and hold a pleasant conversation on the advantages of being an Elk. The lower middle brow, we bet, a sucker for mass-produced items anyway, will be rubbernecking through the National Parks outfitted in his "sports shirt and colored slacks." Upper middle brow, that old slave of taste and convention, will be decked out in his "quiet tweed jacket," reading "solid non-fiction" like Winston S. Churchill, discussing planned parenthood, sipping a very dry Martini with lemon peel, in a broad-porch resort hotel in New England.

That leaves the high brow. If he doesn't bury himself in some obscure town in southern France, or under a sand dune on Fire Island, we think summer will find him sopping up sun and sophistication under a maple at Tanglewood or a pine at Aspen. The Goethe Festival, which, as you must know by now, celebrates the 200th anniversary of Johann von Goethe's birth, is already under way at Aspen, and will run through July 16. A series of round-table discussions has lured Dr. Albert Schweitzer from the depths of French Equatorial Africa for his first visit to the United States. With Robert Hutchins as chairman, the group will discuss the significant problems of the twentieth century analyzed in the light of Goethe's influence on the world of thought, a subject that might conceivably keep the table in session until the first frost. A music festival featuring works Goethe inspired and music that inspired him, will be offered by the Minneapolis Symphony with such soloists as Artur Rubinstein, Nathan Milstein, and Gregor Piatigorsky.

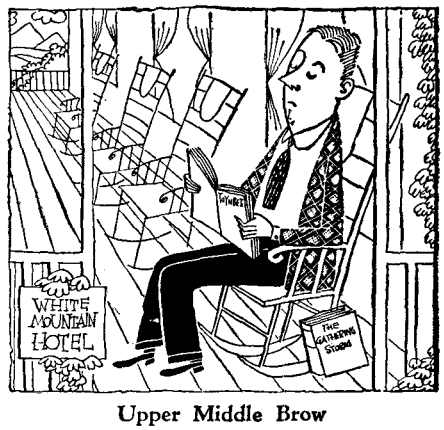
IF THE Goethe Bicentennial fails to leave the audience in the cultural clouds, Aspen's chair lift ought to do the trick. It rises three miles up the mountainside, the longest lift in the world. The Hotel Jerome, if you can squeeze your way in during these weeks, is charging $26 to $30 a day for a double room and bath, American plan. Once a roaring silver town, Aspen's reclaimed guest houses bear names like The Gibson Girl and The Flora Dora.

A series of Bach and Mozart concerts will open the Berkshire Festival on July 16, continuing on the 17th, 23rd, and 24th. The regular series, with Koussevitzky in his last active year, begins July 28 and runs through August 14. It will probably be about as easy to get on an eastbound liner as get a reservation in the Curtis House in Lenox, or the ancient Red Lion in Stockbridge. You might try fabulous Elm Court, the old Vanderbilt estate in Lenox, which has recently been turned into an inn, by a Vanderbilt, and is holding forth successfully in a potted-palm forest of Victorian splendor. The Christmas Tree Inn, nearby, is less expensive, and the Eastover, once a great estate, is popularly priced for the younger set. The Berkshire Hills Conference in Pittsfield will send you a list on request.

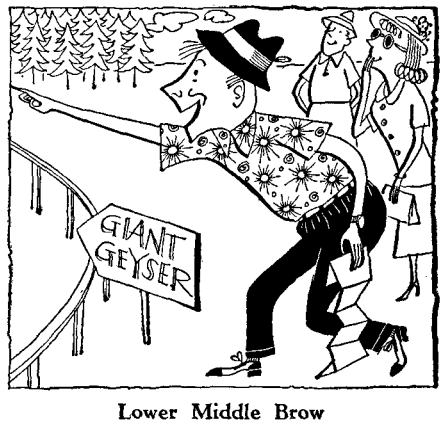
Near Stowe, Vermont, the Trapp Family Music Camp will hold a series of sing weeks from July 4 through August 25. A "sing week" measures ten days during which time anyone not unreasonably tone deaf can progress from simple rounds to intricate polyphonic choral masterpieces. Trapp singers will also get instruction in European and American folk dancing, hikes up Mount Mansfield, singing and swimming (a combination that could lead to drowning) at Lake El-

What's Your Summer C. Q.?*

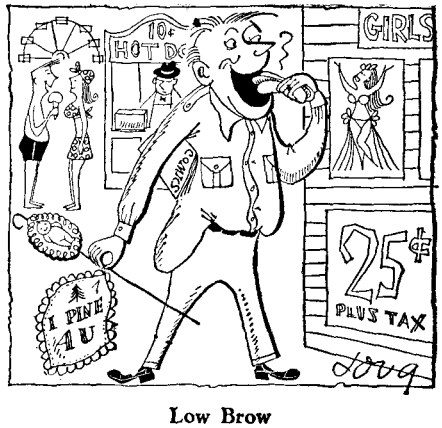
High Brow



Upper Middle Brow



Lower Middle Brow



Low Brow

*Culture Quotient.

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more, and picnic suppers on the lawn of the Trapp family's farm.

Some 600 guests will sing for their summer with the Trapps. Eight converted CCC lodges, named, naturally, for Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, etc., will house the singers. The August 1 to 11 sing week will be devoted to Catholic liturgical music, and High Mass will be celebrated in the chapel every morning.

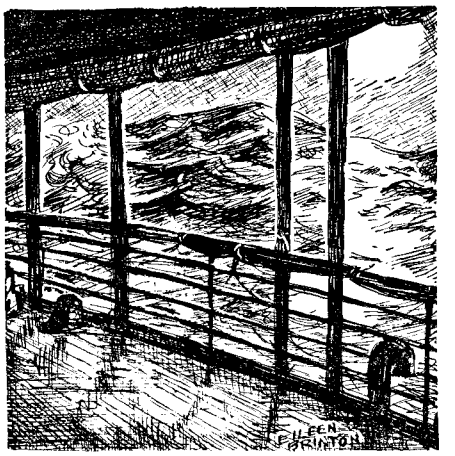
In Williamsburg, Va., "The Common Glory," a pageant featuring a cast of 150 and a forty-voice choir will be presented nightly except Mondays until September 4. Now in its third season, the pageant seems destined to become a sort of Southern passion play. Since Virginia isn't exactly the coolest place in summer, the new outdoor pool at the Williamsburg Inn ought to be the most popular place in town. It has underwater lights and will stay open until 10:00 P. M.

IN EUROPE, which will get the high brows with high incomes, the Salzburg Festival runs from July 27 through August 30, and the Edinburgh Festival from August 21 through September 11. John Barbirolli, Sir Thomas Beecham, and Bruno Walter will be among those seen on the podium in Scotland. Edinburgh's culture extends to the theatre, with representation, among playwrights, from Dorothy Parker to Goethe. Miss Parker's play, written with Ross Evans, is called "Coast of Illyria" and its Edinburgh presentation will be its world premiere. Goethe's offering is "Faust," in German.

For teachers, if *they're* high brows, the National Education Association is offering a set of non-profit tours covering the Eastern cities, New England and Quebec, the Rockies, the Pacific Northwest, California and the Southwest, and Cuba, and Mexico. NEA also offers some tours that are acceptable for graduate and undergraduate credit. Write them at 1201 Sixteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Up in the Canadian Laurentians, the Ste. Adèle Lodge invites you to spend your vacation while learning drawing, portraiture, French, orchestration and conducting, music appreciation, opera, and pattern making. It's all part of a scheme devised by the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts which will give the courses at the Lodge. Single rooms run $35 a week, board included, $25 a week for two in a room. All courses are bilingual, and the session runs through August 27.

That ought to take care of anybody who wants to spend his vacation being brow-beaten. Me? I'm going fishing. —HORACE SUTTON.



TRAVELERS' TALES

GOLDEN DOORWAY TO TIBET, by Nicol Smith. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75. A rousing travel-adventure story in the old tradition is Nicol Smith's account of a trip from India up to Tibet just about at partition time. An OSS alumnus, Mr. Smith has injected a little hold-over hocus-pocus from that organization into his stories of white dogs as big as ponies which disappear in ancient Tibetan lamaseries, but anyway it's readable as all get-out. Some of the best adventures concern the efforts to make photographs in ancient temples in contravention to ancient custom, but the results—printed on coated stock—are excellent. Loren Tutell was the photographer.

VIRGIN ISLANDS, by Fritz Henle. Hastings House. $3.50. The ex-*Life*, sometime fashion photographer has collected a thin book of photographs, some arty, some conventional, some corny, some nostalgic. Face detail of the dark-skinned Virgin Islanders has washed out in most pictures, a fault which can be chalked against the offset reproduction and the difficulty of working in the intense sunlight. But there is enough here to make a handsome souvenir of your recent vacation or your recent divorce.

ALONG YELLOWSTONE AND GRAND TETON TRAILS, by Joyce and Josef Muench. Hastings House. $2.75. After slaving over a hot typewriter I can't think of anything more cooling than a plunge into one of Mr. Muench's national park lakes. His photo collections are noteworthy for the nice things he does with flowers, with panoramas, and the dramatic effects he produces with infra red filters that produce black skies. Lots of this has been done before—like the Old Faithful geyser, which has been shot more times than a shooting-gallery duck. But the X-marks-my-room ladies who follow the trails this summer will doubtless be buying this portfolio like postcards.

GRANGER COUNTRY: A Pictorial Social History of the Burlington Railroad, edited by Lloyd Lewis and Stanley Pargellis. Little, Brown. $5. Normally there is nothing duller, less read, and less necessary than a history of an American railroad. Brilliantly reversing the field, the Burlington road has scored with an excellent photographic history that is also a social history of the country. Prints have been culled from old magazines and books, from *Harper's* and *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. Photographs have been collected from newspicture agencies, and others have apparently been taken expressly for this book to bring history up to date. The inevitable streamliners are here, of course, but so are photos of a woman passenger changing her baby's diaper in the station, of Indians sleeping on depot benches, even a pictorial day in the life of a farmer's wife who rides 162 miles to Chicago for four hours of shopping and returns in time for dinner.

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T. S. ELIOT AND THE MORAL ISSUE

(*Continued from page 8*)

directly an affair of the material well-being of a whole civilization and of all its shaped masses. It is a matter of qualitative leadership. Phrase after phrase of Goethe's, for all his salutation at Valmy of the French Revolution (which he preferred in the form of the Emperor Napoleon), confirms this view. "Nothing is so detestable as the majority." "The public must be treated like women; you must say nothing to them but what you know they would like to hear." "The mass of man has from all time been united only by prejudices and stirred only by passions." When, therefore, we say that Goethe fought, in a struggle which immensely concerns us today, for the preservation of threatened values against insurgent barbarism and malevolent or benevolent despotism, we must not forget that Goethe regarded a limited "cultured" circle as the natural custodians and interpreters, even as against the *profanum vulgus* of their own land, of these values.

WHEN Goethe wrote in a memorable phrase of national hatreds vanishing into thin air when a plane is attained from which "one as it were looks down upon the nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighboring people as intimately as if it were one's own"—or, to use the paraphrase of Goldwin Smith, "above all nations is humanity"—he did not do this because he thought that all human beings severally would agree with him in this affirmation of human values giving dignity to the whole race. He would have affirmed this even if the great majority, being the nationalists or tribalists that most men have always been, had disagreed with him. He made the affirmation with the same objectivity, independent of public opinion, that he could have made about the dangers of soil erosion and the need, as is said at the end of "Faust," to reclaim marshes. Goethe was not concerned with public approval of something conducive to public welfare, but with certain standards of conduct judged to be right irrespective of convenience.

Eliot's view is the same. Indeed it is the traditional one of European humanism, as of the whole of the East. Intellectual leadership should lie with the more proficient. Not all are equally excellent. In the words of Spinoza, echoed by Santayana, "the noble is as difficult as it is rare." There are, to use a phrase taken over from Professor Mannheim, the elites —a phrase common in not too reputable circles in France, but not necessarily damned because of that. However this proficiency is not merely technical but moral. And so it involves appreciation of the tradition of a society; identification—here Eliot breaks from the traditional individualistic approach of Goethe—with the culture of a society; and, especially, identification with the moral tradition of a family. Mr. Eliot wavers between the leadership of a hereditary class and of an elite. "The situation of a society without classes, and dominated exclusively by elites is, I submit, one about which we have no reliable evidence." "It is the function of the superior members and superior families to preserve the group culture, as it is the function of the producers to alter it." A few steps, one feels, and one will be across the boundaries and into the sacred territory of the divine Hindu caste system. A few steps again and we will be linking hands with Confucian "superior persons" and their ancestor worship. In all the criticism of the less elite persons and the many-headed beast one is irresistibly reminded of the writing of H. L. Mencken. The difference is that Eliot, although he is not enjoying himself so much, is very serious. Boston is come to judgment.

It would be fruitless to indulge in mere calling of names, style Eliot a neo-Fascist or ask how one is to pick an elite, whether as James Burnham does or in some more Brahminical way. Mr. Eliot, discoursing and botanizing on what we mean when we speak of "a civilized man" or "a cultured man," must be treated as gravely as he treats himself, however much we may feel that broadly he conforms to what has recently been called, by David Spitz, "the pattern of anti-democratic thought."

One remark of Eliot's is noteworthy. He asserts—and here against the whole tenor of Goethe and the later humanists—the indissoluble connection between religion and culture. For one thing, unlike them, he sees both religion and culture socially. But, further, he treats religion as the living nerve of a culture—admittedly defined as what people indeed actually believe in—and not, like Goethe, as a superstition to patronize from a cultured Olympus populated by well-bred, make-believe Muses.

In preparing my new book, "Above All Nations," which is the record of deeds of humanity and heroism done in wartime to the enemy, the present writer was confronted with the question whether this heroism for the humane, of which Goethe would have so much approved, sprang or could emotionally spring from the culture to which Goethe himself adhered. And I think the answer is that it could not. These acts, in a surprising number of cases, obviously sprang, not from a "cultured" dedication to the cause of humanity, but from a profound and unashamed religious faith which would, quite frankly, have made Goethe profoundly uncomfortable.

And here it seems to me there lies a moral, not only for Goethe, but also for Eliot. In the great religious traditions of Christianity, of Judaism, of Taoism, of Buddhism, the religious man is a humble man. The religious man is stirred to action by his charitable belief in the fraternity of mankind. And the instinct of most of humanity has been to suspect most self-styled elites seen in history of being guilty of the sin of arrogance. There is only one elite which ordinary men will welcome unreservedly and that is the "order of sannhyasins," the poor religious men, set apart indeed, but to serve mankind, the elite preached by the religious leaders from St. Francis, founder of the Friars Minor, to M. K. Gandhi. Equalitarianism in some senses certainly is a false biological, and therefore a false political, belief; and equalitarianism in other senses may be such. But there is surely no inherent reason whatsoever, despite Eliot, why it should be incompatible with "that which makes life worth living." On the contrary, it may be alleged that it is entirely compatible with and related to that human fraternity which has traditionally been the religious core of the faith in democratic equality. As said Pope St. Gregory the Great, the belief in human inequality, so far as it breaks the unity of the human brotherhood, springs *ex fonte superbias*, "from the fount of pride," and doubtless renders

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Toad, "As You Like It." 2. Lion, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 3. Oyster, "The Merry Wives of Windsor." 4. Tiger, "King Henry IV." 5. Dog, "Julius Caesar." 6. Beetle, "Measure for Measure." 7. Cat, dog, "Hamlet." 8. Flea, lion, "King Henry V." 9. Falcon, owl, "Macbeth." 10. Horse, horse, horse, "King Richard III." 11. Monkeys, "The Merchant of Venice." 12. Elephant, "Troilus and Cressida." 13. Sparrow, "Hamlet." 14. Mackerel, "King Henry IV." 15. Wrens, eagles, "King Richard III."

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its exponents in peril of damnation.

The time may have come when we should abandon the Jeffersonian belief that "all men are born equal"—the "equalitarianism" Mr. Eliot dislikes—unless more closely defined instead of being used as wind to blow up demagogues and sycophants of majority right. After all, even Thomas Jefferson suffered the humiliation at Philadelphia of having, as Professor Carl Becker has shown, his phrase "born free" cut out of the draft Declaration of Independence by his colleagues. There is no harm in denouncing, along with breezy Jeremy Bentham, many of these phrases as "nonsense walking about on stilts."

But it may be well before we renounce equalitarianism in the name of the proposition that there are varieties of gifts and degrees of excellence, and that (as Mr. Eliot says) "no true democracy can maintain itself unless it contains these different levels of culture," to recall that there must be "one body and one spirit." History amply demonstrates—such is the human pride of which the theologians warn us (as Mr. Eliot should know)—how fatally easy it is to pass across from that "case for a society with a class structure"—which is approved by Mr. Eliot, Nobel prize-winner refusing to "confuse culture and politics"—to that caste division and assertion of wholesale race superiorities, such as the Chinese of yore used to affirm but which Mr. Eliot, *bon chrétien*, most properly condemns as impious and against the spirit of the Christian faith.

We can see the evils of Marxist Communism. But there is an anti-democratic menace, looming beyond a Marxism which has now passed its peak. It is the menace and problem of wholesale race prejudice, adumbrated by the National Socialist Party of Germany. Despite the work of Albert Schweitzer and André Gide and the life work of Gandhi and the confrontation of American public opinion with its dilemma by Gunnar Myrdal, the moral issue has scarcely, as yet, begun to receive the attention and critical analysis which it merits. It remains one of those cases where, as yet, exactitude is scarcely to be expected in politics. But it is not a matter which politics can evade.

In his "Notes" Mr. Eliot has raised a very real issue although I do not think he has propounded a solution. Culture is not the same as enjoying a car, radio, movies, and the amenities (or otherwise) of civilization. There will be levels, as he says, of culture, some more fully articulate than others. There will be, in any healthy society, not uniformity of responsibilities, but a multiplicity of gifts and a multiplicity of gifts appropriate for various functions, some being more excellent in respect of these gifts than others. Nor is it sound religion or common experience to hold that there will be moral equality, even though "the heart of man is so deep that the devil alone can penetrate into the secrets thereof" to judge them.

More dangerous to what democratic intuition has held to as a "fundamental equality" than the rash moral assessments of a Presbyterian "elect," is the moral relativism and anthropological belief of these who hold that there is no one human race, but many of different origin, and deduce that the case for equality does not arise. There is not, they say, one human race—just heterogeneous tribes

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	2. Is your child nervous?
	3. Does he have accidents?
	4. Is your child lonely?
	5. Does he disobey?
	6. Are his manners bad?
	7. Does he fight with playmates?
	8. Should you spank him?
	9. Is he sickly?
	10. Is he curious about sex?

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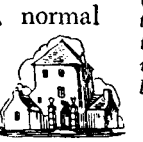

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BY DR. FLANDERS DUNBAR

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and diverse stocks. Mr. Eliot's critical work will not be complete until he declares his social attitude here, which affects one's whole view, not so much about the European culture on which Mr. Eliot as an American writes so much, as about that world culture with which Christianity has to concern itself. Nothing is less historical than to treat Christianity as an exclusively or originally European cultural form or to believe that it is not vitally concerned with the relations of race cultures which it denies can transcend its imperatives.

WE SHALL have, I suspect, to accept in the future, as in the past, a social form which comprises, to use Professor Lasswell's terminology, a hierarchy of "skills," call them elites if one likes. When the process of economic equalization consequent upon democratic social insurance has run its full course, there will still be a natural inequality of gifts and a variety of functions with which this equality will have to come to terms. We cannot take as spiritual meat much longer the crackling paradoxes of equalitarian plutocrat G. B. Shaw, who believes in the highest possible remuneration for the more striking advocates of equal pay for all on the ground that only the wealthy can appreciate both sides of the question. But we may come to recognize with Plato that the condition for the most cultured exercising power is that they became poorer than the rest.

For myself I have no objection to an aristocracy of scientists, savants, scholars, sages, sannhyasins, and saints, as long as they are present to counsel and not instant to compel. I have no objection to Catholic sociology. What I deny is that these just and rational claims, as a spiritual power, have much connection with the pretention of self-chosen elites of folk who wish, not to cultivate cooperation and peacefulness, but to dominate their neighbors. To all such proud men we can say "no one is good enough to order the lives of others." And this holds however cultured the elite may think themselves, for the truest culture is that of humility. "He hath put down the mighty," says Magnificat. And here we may be reasonably certain that the theme of Lincoln is sounder, if indeed they differ at all, even than that of Mr. Eliot.

George Catlin, sometime lecturer in medieval and modern history at the University of Sheffield, is well known to Americans as the visiting professor at several universities and author of "The Unity of Europe," "Preface to Action," and other volumes.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 15*)

sets up a standard of flagrant behavior for his young daughter. Never was there such an immorally spacious dwelling. Equipped with every possible convenience, his elegant London town house shelters the latest mistress as well as the indispensable secretary. Corridors stretch to assignations or to sherry and a dry biscuit. It is all very, very slick, shiny, and well tailored. The theatre is just around the corner.

By inheritance and by habit at home in this glittering world, Miss Forbes-Robertson seems content merely to record its gleam. A dim cast and a lack of understood motive can only produce apathy. The makeup is a touch too thin, albeit the medium is well loved, well known, and well revered.

MARSHWOOD, by Dorothy James Roberts. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. The big house on the hill has become a malevolent white elephant. Generations of the gilt-edged Button clan may have slept here in comparative ease and enviable security, but the latter-day daughters are fighting free of its shackles. Four sisters, each in her own way frustrated by tradition, inheritance, and a rigid respect for the status quo, awake from their backward living and begin to yearn. Twins, believe it or not, are left on the doorstep, and something new stirs in spinster breasts. Each girl manages finally to get her man, while the crash of 1929 writes finis to the great mansion. Sex and a social conscience, the speakeasy, and a smooth-running car open up new vistas. Life indeed looks good at forty or over.

Leisurely, over-long, and overample, but as comfortable as loose-fitting clothes.

THE GOLDEN SHOESTRING, by Faith Baldwin. Rinehart. $2.50. Why question Faith Baldwin? She can turn out popular novels practically on the assembly belt—cut to cajole and patterned to please. Any problem, trend, or straw in the wind is grist for her mill. And it never stops grinding either.

Take this poor little rich girl, spoiled, petted, flitting from international capital to international capital, and watch what happens when she discovers she's broke. Literally down to two hundred a month, a sable coat, string of pearls, and a fabulous emerald ring, she decides to put up a front and support her legend. You see, no one knows her father died a penniless crook. So she and a supposed Hawaiian sugar king wed for lucre neither of them has, working as a team as adroit spongers. Love and character upset this convenient applecart. The erstwhile playboy sets the alarm for five A.M., while his pampered pretty makes for the kitchen. Don't think the spare-room won't be used as a nursery anytime now.

Designed to please all of Miss Baldwin's followers.

IRENE, by Ronald Marsh. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.75. Our native, notorious St. Louis woman has nothing on Mr. Marsh's lethal lass. An English seaside town charmer, she literally strews the coastline with swooning swains. Silver fox scarfs, long fur coats, and gliding de luxe autos are hers for the most paltry giving. A satin-clad swish through the streets of Seacliff and the secure savings of a lifetime are hers.

Irene may be all woman, but all evil is a fairly comprehensive side issue with her. The oldest profession has never seemed new, a den of counterfeiters are her cronies, and she blithely marries an enchanted, local, respectable Milquetoast, failing to mention either her activities or her illegitimate daughter. However, her stalwart, ever-loving husband stands by. Never has there been such unfounded, such repellent devotion. Unshaken by infidelities, lies, criminal machinations, or desertion, he gives up all to follow her. A shuddering spectacle of untransmitted susceptibility.

Gangster fare, British style.

ARABELLA, by Georgette Heyer. Putnam's. $3. "R" is for Regency. Miss Heyer takes it away from there. The trappings are complete. Costumes emerge entire and detailed, manners of the period ooze on every page, and best of all there's a plethora of proper period phrases. All those jaunty words that wing us back in time are here to enjoy. The going is good, the living is easy, and there's luck to be found in London. Love, too, we can be sure of that.

The plot is all it should be. An eldest daughter of a modest county vicar comes to town for the season. Gambling her all on a wardrobe, backed by her titled godmother, her aim is to marry well. That she manifestly succeeds by catching the "nonpareil" of society may come as no surprise, but it gives pleasure. The tale weaves in and out of assemblies, at homes, drives, gaming tables, snubs, gossip, and talk, managing to amuse without either wit or real style. Agreeable and soothing stuff.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
THE TEUTONIC SPHERE		
LISZT: LES PRELUDES. Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1277 (2)	A typical example of the fancy multi-mike Stokowski recording technique, and an effective one. Sounds good!	Stokowski in his more careful mood and hence a good performance, to my ear at least. Bombast not overdone; the detail work, essential goodness comes through.
DVORAK: THE GOLDEN SPINNING WHEEL. Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. RCA Victor DM 1291 (3)	A decided difference, at least in my copies, between these two RCA pressings: Dvorak is clear and sparkling with excellent highs, Smetana seems less clean, with fuzziness particularly in loud passages. Better try both yourself; copies may differ.	The seldom-heard Dvorak is pleasantly full of Czech-style melody; a nice piece and well worth a try. Beautifully played. The Smetana gets special B. treatment in rapid string detail work—usually blurred into background, it ticks precisely as a watch here. Nice.
SMETANA: THE BARTERED BRIDE, Excerpts. Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. RCA Victor DM 1294 (2)		
SCHUMANN: SYMPHONY #4 IN D MINOR. Cleveland Orch., Szell. Columbia MM 821 (3) *LP*: ML 2040 (1 10″)	More of the somewhat dry and close Cleveland recording, not overly suited to this romantic music. Fine clarity; the LP version superior to the standard.	This relatively rough and intense work fares better than did Mendelssohn's urbane "Italian" with same group. As good as any recording yet.
REGER: "BOECKLIN" SUITE, OP. 128. German Philharmonic of Prague, Keilberth. Capitol ECL 8007 (3)	Perhaps the best so far of these reissued German Telefunkens. Cleaner than most, with good highs, big, broad liveness, fine perspective.	Worthy revival of neglected music—but I find it dullish in spite of excellent performance. Pre-Rachmaninoff style, with touch of Dukas.
THE GALLIC SPHERE		
DEBUSSY: LA MER. Brussels Radio Symph., André. Capitol ECL 8006 (3)	This music cries for hi-fi, and technical quality thus counts heavily: good wide range here but lacks spaciousness, highs not quite up to top present standards, on wide-range outfit. Technically, better try Decca's EDA 88 or Columbia's Rodzinski version (LP or standard). Musically, the old Boston version (V 643) shines in memory—I find this Brussels job dull.	
CHAUSSON: SYMPHONY IN B FLAT, OP. 20. Minneapolis Symphony, Mitropoulos. Columbia MM 825 (4) *LP*: ML 4141 (1)	Very sharp, clean highs but again the general effect is too close, deadish. (Trouble might be too much level on the close-to "accent" mikes, not enough background sound.)	A big-sounding post-Franck work, will delight lovers of the Franck symphony. Performance lively, good but sometimes careless, esp. in strings.
DEBUSSY: CINQ POEMES DE BAUDELAIRE (1889), A FRENCH SONG RECITAL. Jennie Tourel; Erich Itor Kahn, pf. Columbia *LP*: ML 4158 (1) *Debussy only*: MM 828 (3)	Some of this is absolutely first rate. "Song Recital" evidently assembled from various recording sessions—tone changes. Voice close, piano in background but good. Some blasting. Superb sibilants.	Topnotch vocal offering—a remarkable projection of a heavyish voice, ultra-musical, expressive, skilfully controlled. A few items get beyond her technique—no matter. Fine early Debussy; good cross-section of French song.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

GABRIELA MISTRAL

Chilean Nobel Prize Poet

WE LISTEN to words,
foreign and rhythmic, soft
rolling words
like the movement of blended waters;
we do not understand
but something of fire has left us,
something of hardness
has crumbled,
something of dark has vanished,
something of weakness
has strengthened.
We see the fine head
high,
the depth and the softness of eyes
that weep with the tears of children;
that laugh with the joy,
the seaside mirth,
of children;
we listen to words,
foreign and rhythmic, soft
rolling words
like the movement of blended waters;
and we sit
beside the scholar speaking
and the child inquiring
in the cove
of peace.

—JOSEPH JOEL KEITH.

* * *

MISCELLANEA

Exactly twenty years ago, come the fourth of July, Vachel Lindsay published in the *American Mercury* his rousing and galloping poem "The Virginians Are Coming Again," and it reappeared in 1930 in that one of Thomas Moult's anthologies dedicated to the memory of Charlotte Mew and Elinor Wylie. That anthology also contained Elinor Wylie's "Portrait" of herself from *The New Yorker* for January 1929, but the anthology's reprinting omitted the word "most" in the first line and hence the line does not scan. . . .

A copy from the large paper issue of the first edition of Glenway Wescott's "The Grandmothers" is advertised by Nosdall as inscribed by the author: "This is the book which I inherited from my grandmother, Kate Rose Wescott; which I promised her I would write; which brought no good luck" (signed: Glenway Wescott, June 1947). You will recall that the book won the Harper Prize Novel Contest for 1927-28. Certainly that period was full of astonishing things. . . .

My mother's mother was named Mary Lee Rose, and I have just come across a sweet letter she wrote me when I had managed to graduate from the Albany Academy. Evidently she had also sent me a small check. A letter from my father of the same year informs me that my uncle, William John Rose, whose namesake I am, had procured me a Pennsylvania Railroad pass whereby I could go to New York on the way to New Haven. My father's letter impresses upon me not to lose the pass and remarks skeptically that at any rate I have never lost my trousers. This may be taken to imply that he thinks I used to lose a good many things. Very sad. . . .

Eight years ago Malcolm Cowley wrote a piece for Klaus Mann's *Decision*, called "The Michael Golden Legend." It is the best thing on that ardent Communist that I have ever seen. Cowley is not unaware that Gold had a gift "for withering phrase." Gold had averred that the editors of the *New Republic* were "men with perpetual slight colds." Maybe they have changed now. Cowley charged Gold with mental inertia "so typical of the Communist movement today." He thought they had "lost the capacity for fresh observation or independent thinking." How could it be otherwise, if you continually have to measure everything by one unchanging set of explanations and a set prescription for the future originally prepared 100 years ago? If a new fact doesn't jibe with the coda, the fact must go by the board. I like Cowley's last paragraph, which I take the liberty to quote here:

> A few nights ago, I began thinking of a book I had read twice in my boyhood: "The Lost World," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. As I remember it now, it was a story about a group of scientists who discovered a line of almost unscalable cliffs in the Amazonian jungle. Reaching the top by what means I forget, they found a humid region in which the great saurians had survived from the Mesozoic Era. And it occurred to me on reading "The Hollow Men" [Michael Gold's current book—title from Eliot] that the United States today was a lost world, like the one imagined by Conan Doyle. Here, in an especially favored location, protected by two oceans that take the place of the Amazonian jungle, an older civilization has survived that almost everywhere else is in full collapse. Here very ancient animals continue to flourish—not the brontosaurs and stegosaurs or tyrannosaurus rex, but rather Henry Ford and Norman Thomas, Oswald Garrison Villard, Senator Taft, General Wood, and Comrade Michael Gold. These prehistoric monsters are not friendly to one another: they meet and growl and fight and sometimes are killed, while their enemies feast on their bodies; but all of them were produced by the same conditions and depend for their survival on the same biological environment—yes, all of them, flesh-eating capitalists and liberals like peaceful herbivores and Communists sailing through the air on leathery wings like pterodactyls; all of them resemble the saurians at the beginning of a colder and drier age in having lost their power of adaptation. Yet all of them, however much they differ on other subjects, are determined to believe that their lost world will continue to exist. That is the basis, that is the meaning of the Michael Golden legend.

That seems to me very well said, and, though we have lost General Wood and Mr. Villard is not now the strength that he was in old days, and Norman Thomas has been making a good deal of sense lately, we have only to think of the Big Four Conference in the pink palace at Paris and see the wisdom in Walter Lippmann's recent column "Berlin Fantasia," in which he pointed out that if the Soviet Union's proposal was sheer nonsense still the American proposal was not much more sensible, and that the insistence on quadripartite supervision by both sides was about as unrealistic as one could well imagine. The peace of the world will depend, it seems to me, on actually realistic thinking, not on jockeying for position or power. May God help the United States to such thinking and may their boasted rationality bring the Politburo out of their short-sighted strategy into the kind of common sense that even the ordinary man in the street can see the situation needs.

* * *

LAWN ORDER

The way my lawn
comes up, I know
Great weeds from little
grass seeds grow.

—HORTENSE ROBERTA ROBERTS.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 796)

V. W. BROOKS:
NOTES FROM A JOURNAL
(*From "A Chilmark Miscellany,"* 1948)

There is also "time-provincialism" . . . . . Those who have jumped out of Mencken's "boobery" have jumped into this frying-pan, ... as if to be "up to the minute," the "last minute," were more important than any of the great realities of life and death.

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PERSONALS

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PHOTOGRAPHER (now upstate) NYC Aug. 15, wants assignments, movies, stills, what-have-you? Box 792-H.

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DO YOU LIKE TO READ Personals Column? Neurotica's Personal column is quite interesting. Try an ad. 25¢ a word, check must accompany order. Or subscription $2 a year. NEUROTICA, 4438½ Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE LIVING QUARTERS at my comfortable home to any writer, who cares to collaborate on manuscripts. Box 794-H.

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FIRE OR LONG ISLAND room near beach, wanted by male graduate student for 2 weeks, beginning Sept. 9. Box 796-H.

YOUNG LADY for interesting part-time job, within last years of college or recently graduated. Work involves secretarial research and journalistic work. Typing is unnecessary. Must live in, or around greater NYC. Rates 50¢ to 75¢ an hour to start. Box 797-H.

UNENCUMBERED PROFESSIONAL, interested country life, simplicity, sincerity, likes to hear from ladies of similar interests. Box 798-H.

YOUNG LADY seeks to edit or supervise small publication, house organ, part-time. Box 799-H.

FRENCHWOMAN with a touch of gallic wit and nostalgia, would correspond with intelligent, cultured man. Box 800-H.

PERSONABLE COLLEGE JUNIOR desires job in summer resort or as bartender on private yacht. Box 801-H.

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WOMAN, wide, varied interests, seeks correspondence with mature man. Box 802-H.

BELIEVE IN CHAPMAN'S HOMER? Young physician and wife would more "goodly states and kingdoms see" in professional capacity or as polyglots, photographers, tutors, public speakers. (European contacts, experienced travelers.) Sept.-Dec. Box 803-H.

GENTLEMAN desires to correspond with lady enjoying sports and shows. Box 804-H.

TRAVELING COMPANIONS WANTED. Gentleman, 41, leaving NYC, July 2, automobile for 10 days, destination Quebec. Box 805-H.

MODEST, MODERN HOME near good public library in interesting community (anywhere) wanted by retired man and wife. Box 806-H.

PROFESSOR, wife, daughter need unfurnished 3-bedroom house, apartment, early Sept. Easy commuting Grand Central. Box 807-H.

HOUSE FOR RENT in Northern Vermont hills, July 20 to end of Sept. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, all modern conveniences, charmingly furnished. Garden and pond, beautiful view of White Mountains. Quiet and restful. Housekeeper, $750. References. Box 808-H.

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EX-JUNIOR LEAGUER, faraway, convalescing from tuberculosis, would welcome letters from mature cure chasers. Box 809-H.

WOULD LIKE to hear from man who has understanding, or is acquiring it. Box 810-H.

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PSYCHIATRIST needs full-time secretary, mature woman, college graduate preferred, for office work and manuscript work. Write giving qualifications and salary expected. Box 812-H.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

MODERN-TYPE CHRISTMAS CARD LINE needs live-wire retail sales representatives. Box 441-H.

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PALMLEAF WASTE BASKETS—14" high, 13" diameter. Ideal with summer furnishings. $1.50 each, 3 for $4 postpaid. CAVALLON OLDS, 101 West 11 St., NYC.

ART MUSEUM LIBRARY in Midwest needs reference assistant. Knowledge of art, library degree and reading ability in foreign language required. $2,400–$2,500. Box 755-H.

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WANTED: Exceptional guy to share exceptional apartment (Chicago), exceptionally inexpensive. P.S. I'm exceptional too. Box 771-H.

GENTLEMAN would enjoy correspondence with a shut-in or disabled person. Box 769-H.

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PERSONALS

HIREDi Job interviews obtained by planned letters ghostwritten to order. Request details. Write: "Flair Letters," 210 Fifth Ave., NYC.

SECLUDED WOODLAND BUNGALOW, furnished, electric lights, rustic, quiet. Mile to lake. Would rent for season ending Oct. 1 for $125 to adults only, who will prove congenial neighbors. Major Lyman F. Barry, Budd Lake, N. J.

BRIGHT YOUNG MAN, 25, Phi Beta Kappa, just returned from France, seeks interesting position newspaper, literary, travel, companion, teaching. Complete knowledge journalism, books, theatre, Europe. Has car, will go anywhere. Summer or permanent. Box 816-H.

VILLAGE-TYPE APARTMENT. 2 rooms, 55 St., NYC, summer sublease. $50 monthly, with atmosphere and telephone. Box 817-H.

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COOL, peaceful, furnished cottage overlooking Great Bay, N. H. till Oct. $200. Bath, screened porches, electricity. Martha Elliot, Newmarket, N. H.

FEMALE AMPUTEE'S correspondence invited by personable young male. Box 820-H.

HOUSE FOR SALE: Near Catskill, N. Y., 7 rooms, studio, 3 guest houses, all air conditioned, 86 acres, superb view Hudson Valley, $9,500 adjacent parcel of 45 acres, 7-room house, other buildings, $5,000, both $13,500. Telephone, NYC. PLaza 5-1786 or write: Box 821-H.

WOMAN, 40, educated and traveled, social and business references. Experienced merchandiser, typist, bookkeeper, homemaker, driver, wants absorbing challenging occupation. Box 822-H.

FOR SALE: WRITER'S CHARMING HOME, 1 hour north NYC. 9 rooms, 3½ secluded acres, modernized colonial, enormous maples, pines, electric kitchen, original fireplaces, stone terrace, perennial gardens. School bus passes. Desire quick sale. Box 823-H.

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PUBLIC RELATIONS EXPERT, 38, notable professional attainments, recently assisstant to Cabinet member, information director many Federal bureaus, as assistant to University president. Highest caliber services in return for substantial salary, pleasant campus life. Box 813-H.

BUNGALOW, 4 rooms, partially furnished, mile from lake, quiet, restful, view. Rental $200 July 15–Oct 1. Would consider sale on terms to cultured folks. Major Lyman F. Barry, Budd Lake, N. J.

RETIRED NURSE—owns country place about 2 acres, modern four room cottage, near Nation's capital. This property, free of debt, will be given at my death to anyone, who will loan me enough money to build fence, stock place with few chickens and let me live and work among these until I die. All other details given to those interested. Box 826-H.

ENGLISH INSTRUCTRESS desires interesting part-time employment for summer, western Long Island. Box 827-H.

CAMPUS, Hudson Valley, 4 room apartment for rent, July-Aug. Wolff, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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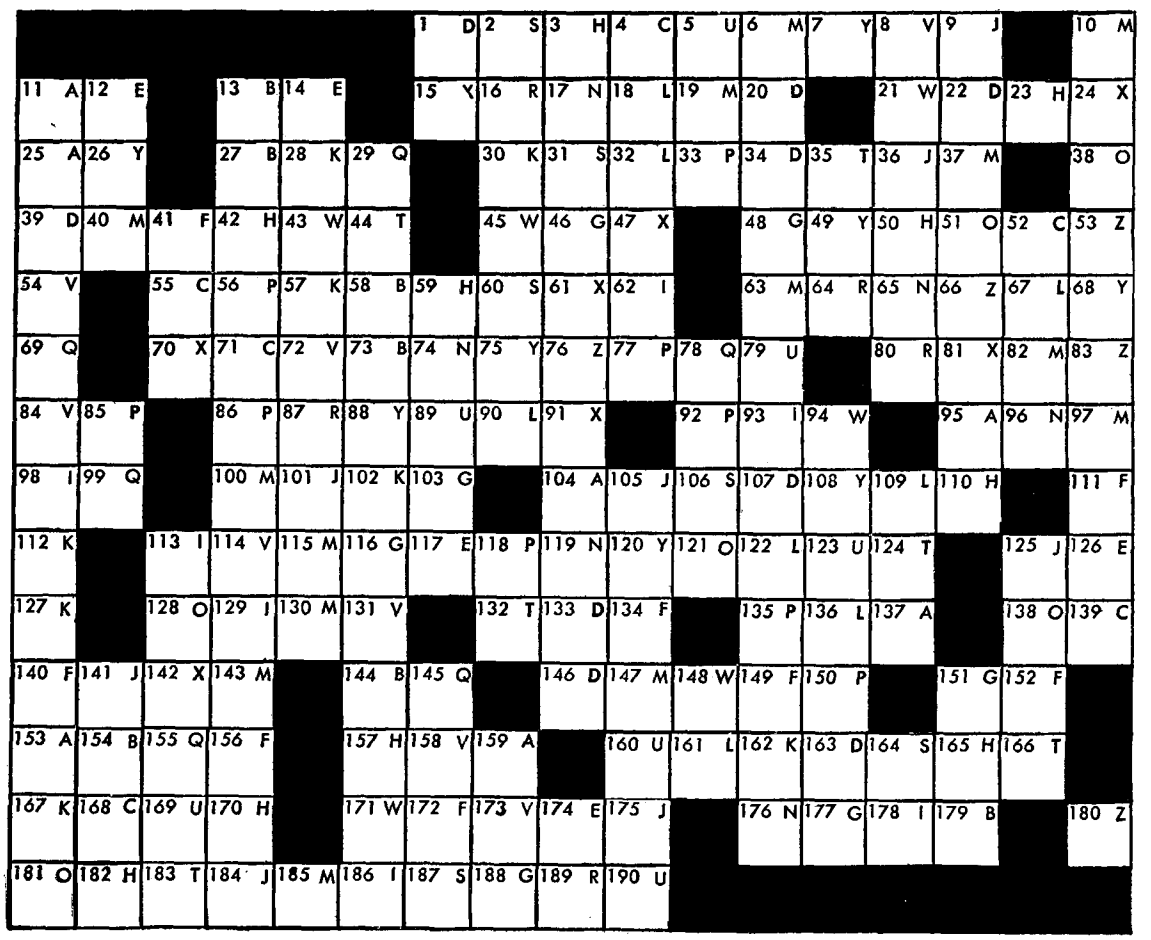
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 797

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The common light bedstead or cot of India (Anglo-Ind.).	95 153 11 25 104 137 159
B. Region of central Caucasus, Soviet Russia, Europe.	144 73 179 58 27 13 154
C. Worthless matter.	55 139 4 71 52 168
D. Its nickname is the Garden State.	133 163 146 1 39 34 107 22 20
E. American artist (1849-96; portraits of President Garfield, John Burroughs, etc.).	174 126 12 117 14
F. French marshal of the Empire whose laundress wife was the heroine of "Madame Sans Gene."	149 156 172 152 111 140 41 134
G. Seaport town in Essex Co., Mass., named after one in England, Suffolk East.	46 48 103 151 188 116 177
H. Changed in character from a stop into a fricative (phonet.).	59 3 23 50 42 182 157 170 110 165
I. French composer of polytonal school, in U. S. since 1940 (1892–).	113 178 98 129 186 93 62
J. Last name of heroine of "Wuthering Heights."	141 105 175 9 36 101 184 125
K. Half-brother of Hercules and father of Iolaus, Hercules's devoted friend.	102 57 28 162 30 167 112 127
L. To evade (2 wds.; colloq.).	109 18 67 161 136 122 32 90
M. Title of famous book by Carlyle involving a philosophy of clothes.	115 130 6 100 147 19 185 143 10 40
	82 63 97 37

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. French painter, engraver, enameler (1836-1902).	176 65 119 17 96 74
O. Newspaper publisher in U. S. associated with "yellow journalism" (1863–).	38 181 51 121 138 128
P. English astronomer and popular writer (1882-1944).	56 85 150 86 77 33 135 92 118
Q. American painter (1836-1923; murals in Library of Congress; illustrations of Omar Khayyam).	155 29 69 99 78 145
R. Under one's protection (2 wds.).	16 87 80 189 64
S. Manifestation or appearance.	31 106 60 2 164 187
T. Places or vests, as in a source, means, or agent.	183 132 124 44 35 166
U. Title given by Kipling to Frank N. Doubleday, his publisher.	5 160 169 123 190 79 89
V. A small, choice piece of lean meat.	158 8 114 54 72 131 173 84
W. The Pole star when the Great Pyramid of Egypt was built, now in Draco.	94 45 148 21 171 43
X. Pertaining to a style of architecture developed in Spain and N. Africa in the Middle Ages.	15 24 142 61 47 70 81 91
Y. Capacity for sensation and feeling.	26 88 120 49 68 7 75 108
Z. Protuberances, as in the joints affected by rheumatism (med.).	83 76 180 53 66



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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"ALBEMARLE", Princeton, N. J.

Will You Help Us Find This Man!

HE is at middle age, or slightly older, and he is thinking of spending his later years in semi-retirement. He has enough of this world's goods to realize that inheritance taxes will contribute handsomely to the purchase of a house.

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